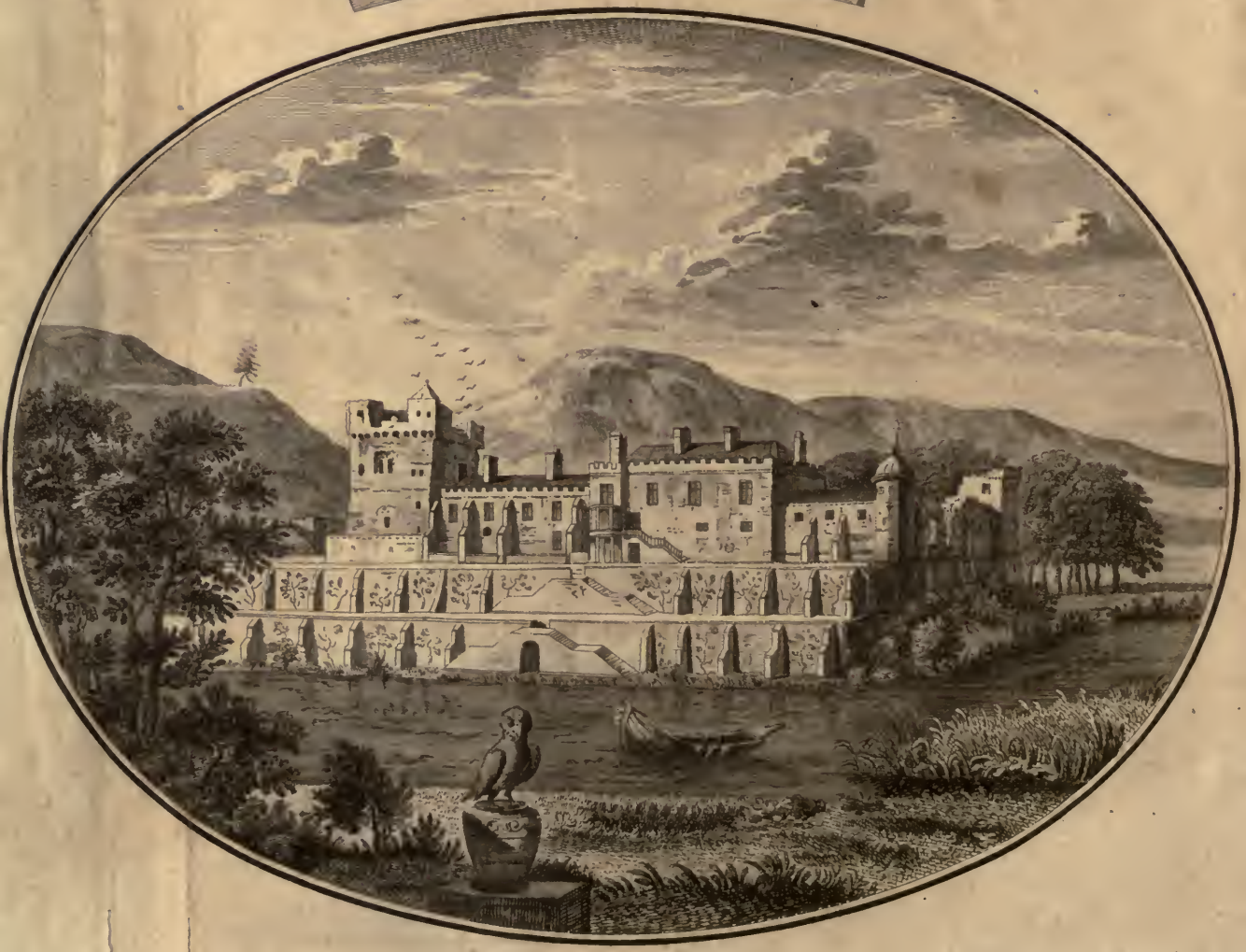
I

CRAZY CASTLE.



There is not the slight in the Engraving
[illegible] the Painting plate

CRAZY

TALES.

John Hall Stevenson

Σκηνη πας ὁ Βιος και παιγνιον. η μαθε παιζειν
Την σπεδην μεταθεις η φερε τας οδυνας.

Life is a Farce, mere Children's Play,
Go learn to model thine by theirs,
Go learn to trifle Life away,
Or learn, to bear a Life of Cares.

J'abandonne l'exactitude
Aux gens qui riment par métier;
D'autres font des vers par étude,
J'en fais pour me desennuïer.

GRESSET.

LONDON:
Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXII.

THE

AUTHOR'S DEDICATION to Himself.

Ever honoured and worthy Sir,

ΠΑΝΤΩΝ δὲ μαλιϛ' αισχυνεο σαυτον. The reverence and respect due to one's self is the greatest of all, says PYTHAGORAS: knowing how difficult it is to serve two masters, the Author is, and hopes he shall always continue, accountable only to one.

There is something so engaging in your service, that, though he can seldom do any thing entirely to your satisfaction, yet he cannot find in his heart to be angry with you, or to wish to change his dependence.

He is too sensible of your discernment to have any thoughts of wheedling you into an opinion of his performance; of the two he believes he could sooner prevail upon the world to be indulgent: the world has too much business upon its hands to be a severe judge, or to be difficult to please in trifles; the world must be amused, but, like the *besoin d'aimer*, there is no necessity for perfection to be one of the transient objects of its amusement.

All that the Author expects from you, is, that you will excuse his folly, and admit his apology for suffering such trifles to appear in publick; he can deal with other criticks well enough, if he is not condemned by you, being,

Ever honoured and worthy Sir,
with infinite attention,
your most humble servant,
A. S.

Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetas,
Excerpam numero----------
Ex hoc ego sanus ab illis
Perniciem quæcunque ferunt; mediocribus, et queis
Ignoscas, vitiis teneor-------ubi quid datur otî,
Illudo chartis. Hoc est mediocribus illis
Ex vitiis unum; cui si concedere nolis,
Multa poëtarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi: nam multo plures sumus: ac veluti te
Judæi cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.

By a *manœuvre* I conceive, &c. an ingenious Commentator may endeavour to charge the Author with impiety, as if he ridiculed Circumcision; but, besides his being led into the mention of circumcision by Horace, he only speaks of the operation, not of the institution; that there is an essential difference between them, as well as degrees of nicety or ingenuity in the operative part, he will demonstrate.

No body can deny the ingenuity of his Cousin TRISTRAM's operation, if it had been produced by contrivance and study, instead of accident. If all children were circumcised by the Shandean operation, by the fall of a sash upon the foreskin, the difference in the operation would make no change in the institution; as a Priest would be a Priest, whether he received the Spirit by a gentle tap, or obtained it by a more violent kind of electricity, by being knocked down.

So far from any impiety in the Author's proposition, we are bound to believe, if there had been any sashes in the wilderness, that the Shandean operation would have been preferred to the Mosaick, which was performed by two flint stones; because the Shandean is more expeditious, less painful, less dangerous, and consequently nicer and more ingenious. Q. E. D.

Upon a proper occasion the Author hopes he will be able to clear himself as fully of all intentional obscenity, which may also be imputed to him by an ingenious Commentator.

Triblet, vol. iv. *p.* 6. " On compose pour imprimer, j'imprime pour composer. Si en composant je n'avois pas le but de l'impression, mon travail ne seroit pas assez animé pour me sauver de l'ennui, quelqu'eut été le sort de mes Essais, &c. J'en avois deja retiré, avant de les publier, un fruit assez precieux que le succès même. Ils m'avoient longtems occupé sans trop m'appliquer."

THE

THE

AUTHOR'S APOLOGY to Himſelf.

FREE from all pernicious vice
Yet not ſo ſcrupulouſly good,
To want a comfortable ſpice,
To warm a ſober Chriſtian's blood.

The ſin of Harlotry and Keeping,
Is that which I can leaſt excuſe,
That of cohabiting and ſleeping,
With an abandon'd common Muſe.

More like a Muſe's toad-eater;
A trollop with a flippant air,
Without one amiable feature,
Or any graces to her ſhare.

You tell me, if I needs muſt print,
You'll not oppoſe my fooliſh will,
And bid me take a ſober hint
From ſober folks at Strawberry Hill.

Stand forth like them, produce yourſelf,
Be elegantly bound and letter'd,
Be wiſe, like them, nor quit your ſhelf,
But there remain, for ever fetter'd.

I do

I do not print to get a name;
As TRUBLET ſays, I am none of thoſe;
I only print, becauſe my aim
Is happineſs, whilſt I compoſe:
Compoſing gives us no delight,
Unleſs we mean to publiſh what we write.

Scribbling, like Praying's, an employment,
In which you would think yourſelf a bubble,
Without ſome proſpect of enjoyment,
And ſatisfaction for your trouble;
And though your hopes at laſt prove vain,
If you have been amus'd, 'twas ſo much gain.

If you ſtill teaze me, and perſiſt
That publiſhing ſhews a vain heart,
The Songſters upon DODSLEY's liſt
Shall be call'd in to take my part.

And as they ſtrip a lad quite bare,
After they've coax'd him from his play,
Then lay him down, and cut and pare
All his impediments away:

And as the lad without his leave
Is made an excellent Muſician,
By a manœuvre I conceive
As nice as TRISTRAM's Circumciſion:

So

So tho' you only juſt can ſcrape
  Among the Fidlers of the Nine,
They'll make you drunker than an ape,
  And make you think you fiddle fine.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

CRAZY TALES.

Quod petis hic eſt,
Eſt Ulubris animus ſi te non deficit æquis.

THERE is a Caſtle in the North,
Seated upon a ſwampy clay,
At preſent but of little worth,
In former times it had its day.

This antient Caſtle is call'd CRAZY,
Whoſe mould'ring walls a moat environs,
Which moat goes heavily and lazy.
Like a poor priſoner in irons.

Many a time I've ſtood and thought,
Seeing the boat upon this ditch,
It look'd as if it had been brought
For the amuſement of a Witch,
To ſail amongſt applauding frogs,
With water-rats, dead cats and dogs.

The boat ſo leaky is and old,
  That if you're fanciful and merry,
You may conceive, without being told,
  That it reſembles Charon's wherry.

A turrit alſo you may note,
  Its glory vaniſh'd like a dream,
Transform'd, into a pigeon-coat,
  Nodding beſide the ſleepy ſtream.

From whence, by ſteps with moſs o'ergrown,
  You mount upon a terrace high,
Where ſtands that heavy pile of ſtone,
  Irregular and all awry.

If many a buttreſs did not reach,
  A kind, and ſalutary hand,
Did not encourage, and beſeech,
  The terrace and the houſe to ſtand,
Left to themſelves and at a loſs,
They'd tumble down, into the foſs.

Over the Caſtle hangs a tow'r,
Threatning deſtruction ev'ry hour,
Where owls, and bats, and the jackdaw,
  Their Veſpers and their Sabbath keep,
All night ſcream horribly, and caw,
  And ſnore all day, in horrid ſleep.

Oft at the quarrels and the noiſe
Of ſcolding maids or idle boys;

Myriads

Myriads of rooks rife up and fly,
Like legions of damn'd fouls,
As black as coals,
That foul and darken all the fky.

With wood the Caftle is furrounded,
Except an opening to a Peak,
Where the beholder ftands confounded,
At fuch a fcene of mountains bleak;

Where nothing goes,
Except fome folitary pewet,
And carrion crows,
That feem fincerely to rue it,
That look as if they had been banifh'd,
And had been fentenc'd to be famifh'd.

Where nothing grows,
So keen it blows,
Save here and there a gracelefs fir,
From Scotland, with its kindred fled,
That moves its arms, and makes a ftir,
And toffes its fantaftick head,
That feems to make a noife and cry,
Only for want of company.

So a Scotch Minifter in pulpit,
Is wrought by his gefticulation,
'Till he is taken with a dull fit,
Peculiar to that vocation.

He cries, and throws about his ſnivel,
  Their hearts are harder than the flint,
They let him weep alone, and drivel,
  For not a ſoul will take the hint.

In this retreat, whilom ſo ſweet,
  Once TRISTRAM and his Couſin dwelt,
They talk of CRAZY when they meet,
  As if their tender hearts would melt.

Confounded in Time's common urn,
  With Harlots, Miniſters, and Kings,
O could ſuch ſcenes again return!
  Like thoſe inſipid common things!

Many a grievous, heavy heart,
  To CRAZY Caſtle would repair,
That grew, from dragging like a cart,
  Elaſtick and as light as air.

Some fell to fiddling, ſome to fluting,
  Some to ſhooting, ſome to fiſhing,
Others to piſhing and diſputing,
  Or to computing by wiſhing.

And in the evening when they met,
  To think on't always does me good,
There never met a jollier ſet,
  Either before, or ſince the Flood.

At long as CRAZY Caſtle laſts,
  Their Tales will never be forgot;
And CRAZY may ſtand many blaſts,
  And better caſtles go to pot.

ANTONY, Lord of CRAZY Caſtle,
  Neither a fiſher, nor a ſhooter,
No man's, but any woman's vaſſal,
  If he could find a way to ſuit her;
Collected all their Tales into a book,
Which you may ſee if you go there to look.

ANTO-

ANTONY's TALE:

OR THE

Boarding-School TALE.

TALE I.

LUCY was not like other laſſes,
From twelve her breaſts ſwell'd in a trice,
Firſt they were like two cupping-glaſſes,
Then like two peaches made of ice,

With ſwimming eyes and golden locks,
Golden embroidery and fringe,
Like an ivory or Dreſden box,
Mounted with golden lips and hinge,

Or like the Glory round the head,
Of virgin Saints weeping and pale,
When they are ſacrific'd, and led
To martyrdom, or to a male.

Or as a comet's golden tale is;
Or like the undulating light
Of the aurora borealis,
In a ſerene autumnal night.

It

It is a ſhame, ſays her Mamma,
To ſee a child with bib and apron,
At BARE thirteen, an age ſo RAW,
Grown and furniſh'd like a matron.

But if it was a Burning Shame,
LUCY was not at all to blame,
But they, who in her compoſition,
Infus'd that warmth which was the cauſe
Of ſuch exuberant nutrition,
The work of vegetative laws.

'Twas at the age I mention'd,
Upon a very ſlight offence,
LUCY was condemn'd and penſion'd,
Againſt all equity and ſenſe,
Within a Boarding-ſchool's deteſted walls,
Doom'd to feel all its rigours, all its thralls,

To endure the hunger and the chidings!
To feel the longings and the watchings!
To dread the ſtealings and the hidings!
To bear the quarrels and the ſcratchings!

And then ſuch billings, and ſuch cooings!
Such Miſs-demeanours and excuſes!
Such Miſs-takes, and ſuch Miſs-doings!
And ſuch Miſs-fortunes and abuſes!

There

There was a Captain of the Guards,
  A famous Knight of Arthur's table,
Expert in woman, vers'd in cards,
  A brother of the Turf and Stable.

He had ſuch a command of features,
  And was ſo droll and full of ſport,
He could take off all the queer creatures,
  And oddities of Arthur's Court.

Set Arthur's Worthies in a row,
  So very comical a Knight,
You could not ſingle out and ſhew,
  Nor one that gave ſo much delight.

One day whilſt our Knight was buſy,
  Extremely buſy with her Mother,
LUCY had run 'till ſhe was dizzy,
  About the Garden with her brother.

The Captain's bus'neſs being done,
  He ſaunter'd up and down the Garden,
As if he had neither loſt nor won,
  As if he did not care a farthing.

Yet his attention was profound,
  Obſerving LUCY grown ſo tall;
Contemplating her breaſts as round,
  And ſpringy as a tennis ball.

The

The ſight, indeed, was quite bewitching,
  I think I ſee him whilſt I'm ſcribbling,
Mouth watering, and fingers itching,
  To be both fingering and nibbling.

To gratify the two young chicks,
  He roll'd his eyes, and acted Punch;
Playing a thouſand monkey tricks,
  Making his back a perfect bunch.

With many a filthy ſlobbering kiſs,
  Courting in Punch's ſqueaking tone,
And wriggling and embracing Miſs,
  As Punch embraces his wife Joan.

And how to imitate a breaſt,
  The Captain ſaid that Miſs had plac'd,
Swelling on each ſide of her cheſt,
  Two little dumplings made of paſte;
At which Punch gap'd, and ſwore an oath,
That he would take and eat them both.

On LUCY's neck the hungry ſpark
  Hung fix'd, like an envenom'd ſnake,
Leaving a deep indented mark,
  Which her Mamma could not miſtake;
For which irregular proceeding,
LUCY was ſent to ſtudy breeding.

LUCY was angry with good cauſe,
For ſhe had ſeen in former days,
Necks very like her own Mamma's,
Without a handkerchief or ſtays,

It might be fuller and more nouriſh'd,
And yet a neck, not more inviting,
LUCY had ſeen it ſcrawl'd and flouriſh'd
Both with marks, and with hand-writing.

LUCY, tho' watchful and awake,
And mighty curious to know;
Perhaps was under a miſtake,
What ſhe had ſeen was long ago:

Would it not make one almoſt wild,
If it was not ſo very common;
To ſee one puniſh'd like a child,
Only for acting like a woman?
To ſee the moment after, may be,
Her mother acting like a baby.

Sent to a Governeſs of ſpirit,
LUCY was watch'd from head to foot,
Juſt like a rabbit with a ferret,
For ever at the rabbit's ſcut.
All the whole day in durance kept,
At night the Governeſs with LUCY ſlept.

But

But LUCY neither ſlept, nor ſlumber'd,
She toſs'd, and tumbled all the night;
Her ſpirits were ſo much encumber'd,
And flurry'd by the Captain's bite.

Whether their poiſon they impart,
By teeth, or nails, or by a ſting,
There is a virtue in ſome part,
Of every poiſonous thing.

Tho' the experiment ſhould fright her,
Enough to throw her in a fit,
LUCY muſt apply the biter,
Unto the poiſon'd part that's bit.

Granted; but how could ſhe contrive
To bring ſo hard a point to bear?
'Twould puzzle any wit alive,
That had not a great deal to ſpare.

There's a remark, 'twas made long ſince,
MACHIAVELL made it for his Prince;
"A Prince, ſays he, completely cruel,
"Throughout inexorably bad,
"Is an ineſtimable jewel,
"Seldom or never to be had."

Tho' cruel often, and hard-hearted,
  LUCY's Mamma, at laſt, could not withſtand,
She gave her bleſſing when they parted,
  And ſlipp'd a guinea into LUCY's hand.

With one poor guinea LUCY bought
  All that the Wiſe, the Rich, and Great,
So frequently in vain have ſought,
  Both in the world and their retreat:

No Potentate could ever buy it,
  Nor any child of Power and Wealth,
Tranquillity or mental Quiet,
  With Liberty, Content, and Health.

LUCY conducted her affairs,
  So circumſpectly, and ſo ſnug,
By bribes ſhe gain'd a friend down ſtairs,
  And made a purchaſe of a drug,
Which drug is, in the vulgar tongue,
Commonly call'd, The Devil's Dung.

Within the lining of her gown,
  In two ſmall bags under each arm,
She beat and ſow'd it nicely down,
  As if ſhe had ſow'd down a charm.

The

The exhalation was ſo ſtrong
From every part of LUCY's cloaths,
The Miſſes, as ſhe paſs'd along,
Bruſhed away, and held their noſe.

By far the greateſt part preſum'd,
That it was owing to her hair,
Others preſum'd ſhe was perfum'd,
From being rotten as a pear.

The ſcent ſo violent was grown,
Her Governeſs was forc'd to yield,
The room, the maid, were all her own,
Arms, tents, and baggage, and the field.

ODE to VENUS.

O VENUS, awful Sovereign of the Spring,
Could I like thy LUCRETIUS ſing,
Here would I pauſe, thy wonders to relate!
Here would I pauſe, to hymn thy praiſe,
In adamantine words, ſtronger than Fate,
And everlaſting as his lays!

O'er ſeas and deſerts, undiſmay'd,
Strengthen'd by thy inſpiring breath,
The timorous and baſhful maid,
Faces both Infamy and Death.

Driven

Driven by thy incens'd divinity,
  Confounding equity and truth,
Order and rank, and consanguinity,
  And loathsome age and blooming youth.

Behold the frantick passion how it burns,
  Like a wild beast breaks every tie,
Laughs at the Priest; the Legislator spurns,
  And gives both heav'n and earth the lie!

Let youth and insolence alone,
  Provoke thy vengeance every hour,
But O! spare those that know, that own,
  Adore, and tremble at thy power.

With thy propitious doves descend,
  And hear the tender virgin's sighs,
The humble and the meek defend,
  And bid the prostrate suppliant rise.

By VENUS LUCY, was protected,
Nothing was hurry'd, or neglected,
The Misses, tho' she was quite well,
  Toss'd up their noses, full of airs,
Tho' LUCY now had no one smell,
  That was not pleasanter than theirs.

For

For a whole winter, every night
(Which made the wench grow monſtrous thin)
'Till the war call'd him out to fight,
Had SUSAN let the Captain in.

Scarce had he left his native coaſt,
'Till LUCY ſummon'd home, became
A celebrated London toaſt,
And the firſt favourite of Fame.

LUCY was follow'd by a Peer,
But all his arts could not trepan her,
After a ſiege of a whole year,
My Lord was forc'd to change his manner;
So, like a wiſe and virtuous girl,
LUCY, at laſt, was marry'd to an Earl.

My COUSIN's TALE

OF

A COCK and a BULL.

TALE II.

AT CAMBRIDGE many years ago,
In JESUS, was a Walnut-tree;
The only thing, it had to ſhew,
The only thing, folks went to ſee.

Being of ſuch a ſize and maſs,
And growing in ſo wiſe a College,
I wonder how it came to paſs,
It was not call'd the Tree of Knowledge.

Indeed, if you attempt to run,
(The air ſo heavy is, and muddy)
Any great length beyond a pun,
You'll be obliged to ſweat and ſtudy.

This is the reaſon 'tis ſo good for tiſicks,
And will account, why no one ſoph,
No Fellow, ever could hit off,
To call this Tree, the Tree of Metaphyſicks.

Tho'

Tho', in the midſt of the quadrangle,
  They ev'ry one were taught their trade;
They ev'ry one were taught to wrangle,
  Beneath its ſcientifick ſhade.

It overſhadow'd ev'ry room,
  And conſequently, more or leſs,
Forc'd ev'ry brain, in ſuch a gloom,
  To grope its way, and go by gueſs.

For ever going round about;
  For that which lies before your noſe,
And when you come to find it out,
  It is not like what you ſuppoſe.

So have I often ſeen in fogs,
  A may-pole taken for a ſteeple;
Chriſtians oft miſtook for hogs,
  Horſes ta'en for Chriſtian people.

This ſtroke upon my tender brain
  Remains, I doubt, impreſs'd for ever,
For to this day, when with much pain,
  I try to think ſtrait on, and clever,
I ſidle out again, and ſtrike
  Into the beautiful oblique.

Therefore, I have no one notion,
That is not form'd, like the deſigning
Of the periſtaltick motion;
Vermicular; twiſting and twining;
Going to work
Juſt like a bottle-ſkrew upon a cork.

This obliquity of thinking
I cur'd, formerly, by Logick,
And a habitude of drinking,
Infuſions pædagogick.

The cure is worſe than the diſeaſe,
'Tis juſt like drinking ſo much gall;
So I keep thinking at my eaſe;
That is, I never think at all.

Thus a preſuming Miſs deſigns,
Quite over-whelm'd with fooliſh pride,
She drops her paper with black lines,
And truſts herſelf without a guide.

No longer kept within due bounds,
For any thing that you can ſay,
Her letters like unruly hounds,
Running all a different way;
No longer writes as heretofore,
But writes awry both now and ever more.

But

But, *a propos*, of bottle-ſkrews,
You've ſeen a Parſon at a table,
Whoſe buſineſs was to read the news,
And draw a cork, if he was able.

And do remember, I dare ſay,
The fooliſh figure that he makes,
When the cork will not come away,
For all the pains the Parſon takes.

By bit and bit he makes it come,
'Till he is forc'd againſt his will,
To puſh it forward with his thumb;
He has conducted it ſo ill.

Thus with my head have I been here,
Screwing to get at what I wanted:
That you might have a Tale as clear
And bright, as if it was decanted.
But as your time and patience are ſo ſhort,
I'll try to get at it in any ſort.

IN Italy there is a town,
Anciently of great renown;
Call'd, by the Volſcians, Privernum;
A fortreſs againſt the Romans,
Maintain'd, becauſe it did concern 'em,
Spite of Rome, and all her omens;
But to their coſt,
At the long run their town was loſt.

Whether 'twas forc'd or did ſurrender,
  You never need, my dear Sir, know,
Provided you will but remember,
  Privernum ſignifies Piperno.

Cloſe by the Franciſcan Friars,
  There liv'd a Saint, as all declare,
All the world cannot be liars,
  Which Saint wrought miracles by pray'r.

Her life ſo holy was, and pure,
  Her pray'rs, at all times they believe,
Could heirs or heireſſes ſecure,
  And make the barren womb conceive.

  Which was a ſafe expedient,
  And wonderful convenient:
For there was not a barren womb,
      That might not try,
Going between Naples and Rome,
      As ſhe paſs'd by.

My ſtory will not be the worſe,
  If you'll reflect with patience,
Upon the conſtant intercourſe
  Between the neighbour nations.

It

It is ſo great, that I dare ſay,
The Saint could have but little eaſe,
She muſt have been both night and day,
Continually on her knees.

For I can prove it very clear,
That many of thoſe wombs are barren,
Which wombs, were they tranſplanted here,
Would breed like rabbits in a warren.

Near Terracina, once call'd Anxur,
There is a place call'd Boſco Folto,
A caſtle ſtanding on a bank, Sir,
The ſeat of the Marcheſe STOLTO.

In hiſtory you all have read,
Moſt of you have, I'm pretty ſure,
How on that road there is no bed,
Nor any inn, you can endure.

For STOLTO I had got a letter,
From my good friend, Prince MALA-FEDE,
And from the Princeſs a much better,
Wrote to his Excellency's Lady.

The Marquis is advanc'd in years,
And dries you ſo, there's no eſcaping,
The merrieſt, when he appears,
Yawn, and ſet the reſt a gaping,

Seccare

Seccare is a word of fun;
It means to dry, as you may find,
Not like the fire, or like the ſun,
But like a cold unpleaſant wind.

But ſhe is perfectly well bred;
Neither too forward, nor too ſhy:
I never did, in any head,
In all my life, ſee ſuch an eye;

Nor ſuch a head on any ſhoulders;
Nor ſuch a neck, with ſuch a ſwell,
That could preſent itſelf ſo well,
To all the critical beholders.

Four years the Marquis was hum-drumming,
In that ſame place, with his bed-fellow,
Waiting for the happy coming
Of a young Marquis, a STOLTELLO.

As ſoon as ever he arrives,
The family is to be ſent to
The Cardinal at Benevento,
For the remainder of their lives.

The Cardinal is STOLTO's nephew,
His age is only twenty-ſeven;
And of that age there are but few,
Who think, like him, of nought but Heav'n.

His

His aunt will manage and take care
  Of all the Cardinal's affairs,
STOLTELLO is to be his heir,
  When he has finiſh'd all his prayers.

STOLTO may live as he thinks good,
  His life delightfully will run,
Between his caſtle in the wood,
  His wife, his nephew, and his ſon.

And yet according to Fame's trumpet,
  Who very ſeldom trumpets right,
His wife was reckon'd a great ſtrumpet,
  His nephew a great hypocrite.

I don't believe a word of that,
The world will talk, and let it chat:
You cannot think her in the wrong,
  To grow quite weary of the place,
She thought STOLTELLO ſtaid ſo long,
  He was aſham'd to ſhew his face.

STOLTO had heard the Holy Maid
  Always cry'd up both far and near,
And he believ'd ſhe could perſuade
  His ſon STOLTELLO to appear.

Con-

Conſidering what time was paſt,
  How they had try'd, and better try'd,
STOLTO advis'd his wife at laſt,
  To go and be fecundify'd.

The Marquis told me the whole ſtory,
  Which he had from the Marcheſina,
And it is ſo much to her glory;
  'Tis all the talk of Terracina.

The very night that ſhe came back,
  He was in ſuch a ſifting cue;
He almoſt put her to the rack,
  'Till ſhe diſcover'd all ſhe knew.

Firſt his acknowledgment being paid,
  A pepper-corniſh kind of due;
As they were laid, compos'd and ſtaid,
  She told him juſt as I tell you:

Before the Marchioneſs ſets out,
  'Tis proper, on reflection,
To obviate a certain doubt,
  That looks like an objection.

Here, becauſe they know no better,
  The ſnarlers think they've found a bone;
They think the Marquis would not let her
  Go ſuch an errand all alone.

A Lady,

A Lady, you muſt underſtand,
  That viſits, to fulfil HER vows,
A holy houſe, or holy land,
  Commonly goes without her ſpouſe.

And ſo, by keeping herſelf ſtill,
  Quiet and ſober in her bed,
She never thinks of any ill,
  Nothing unclean enters her head.

You're ſatisfy'd your doubt was weak,
And now the Marchioneſs may ſpeak.
As you foretold, before I went,
  The Saint was ſo engag'd, and watch'd,
That a whole week and more was ſpent,
  Before my bus'neſs was diſpatch'd.

Indeed you would have greatly pity'd,
  If you had ſeen me but, my Dear;
Howe'er, at laſt, I was admitted,
  And what I met with you ſhall hear.

The Saint and I ſat on a bench;
  Before us, on a couch there lay,
A pretty little naked wench,
  That minded nothing but her play.

Her play, was playing with a mouſe,
That popp'd its head in, went and came,
And neſtled in its little houſe,
It was ſo docible and tame.

Gueſs where the mouſe had found a bower?
You are ſo dull, it is a ſhame;
You cannot gueſs in half an hour,
I'll lay your hand upon the ſame.

Theſe, cry'd the Saint, are all ideal,
Viſions all, and nothing real,
Yet they will animate your blood,
And rouze and warm the pregnant pow'rs,
Juſt like the ling'ring ſickly bud,
Open'd by fructifying ſhow'rs.

If you are violently heated,
Remember, in your greateſt needs,
Your Ave Mary be repeated,
'Till you have gone thro' all your Beads:
Take heed, they're going to begin,
I ſee the viſions coming in.

Firſt came a Cock, and then a Bull,
And then a Heifer and a Hen;
'Till they had got their bellies full,
On and off, and on again.

And

And then I ſpy'd a fooliſh Filly,
  That was reduc'd to a ſtrange paſs,
Languiſhing, and looking ſilly,
  At the propoſals of an Aſs.

I turn'd about and ſaw a ſight,
  Which was a ſight I could not bear,
A filthy Horſe, with all his might,
  Gallanting with a filthy Mare.

And lo! there came a dozen Prieſts!
  And all the Prieſts ſhaven and ſhorn!
And they were like a dozen beaſts,
  Naked as ever they were born:
    And they paſs'd on,
      One by one,
Ev'ry one with an exalted horn.

Then they drew up and ſtood a while,
    In rank and file,
And after, march'd off the parade,
    One by one,
    Falling upon,
The miſerable, naked Maid.

Nothing could equal my ſurprize,
  To ſee her go thro' great and ſmall!
And after that, to ſee her riſe,
  And turn the joke upon them all!

And I kept praying ſtill and counting,
In a prodigious fret and heat,
And ſhe ſucceſſively kept mounting,
And always kept a ſteady ſeat.

'Till having finiſh'd her career,
The Prieſts were terribly perplex'd,
They could not tell which way to ſteer,
Nor where about to ſettle next.

Brother was running after Brother,
Turning their horns againſt each other,
The Holy Maid cry'd out aloud,
Heaven deliver us from ſin :
And I turn'd up my eyes and bow'd,
And ſaid Amen within :
The inſtant that I ſpoke,
The viſions vaniſh'd into ſmoke.

Now, ſaid the Marchioneſs, and ſmil'd;
I'll give a penny for your thought;
I'll lay, you think, if we've a child,
STOLTELLO will be dearly bought?

Accordingly the Marquis ſwore,
That very night he did a feat,
Which he had ſeldom done before,
That night he ran a ſecond heat.

And

And from that night computing fair,
She had conceiv'd,
About five months when I was there,
As both the Marchioneſs and he believ'd.

For four months after I repaſs'd,
Calling again, to avoid thoſe inns,
And found her brought to-bed, at laſt,
Of twins,
So ſtout, the brothers might have paſs'd for
POLLUX and CASTOR.

And ſo, at laſt, his coſt and toil,
The Marquis was oblig'd to own,
Were laid out on a grateful ſoil,
At laſt, he reap'd as he had ſown.

MISS in her TEENS:

Captain SHADOW's TALE.

TALE III.

MISS MOLLY was almoſt fourteen,
Her Couſin DICK a year older,
The diff'rence of a year between,
Was very eaſy to be ſeen,
For DICK was grown a year bolder.

Tho' he was grown bolder and braver,
MOLLY grew baſhfuller and ſhier,
So ſerious, and ſo much graver,
She hardly would let DICK come nigh her.

The year before, upon no ſcore,
Would DICK be caught in ſuch a trick,
As either peeping thro' a nick,
Or thro' the key-hole of a door.

The year before Miſs had no fears,
And there was no ſuch thing as ſquealing,
And DICK had neither eyes nor ears,
Neither taſte, nor ſmell, nor feeling.

Until

Until this year, as I have heard,
  DICK was unlucky, but not rude;
  And MOLLY ſo far from a prude,
'Till now her door was never barr'd.

  One afternoon Mamma rode out,
  Papa was laid up in the gout,
Well, and what became of MOLLY?
  If ſhe had taken her to ride,
  She ſhould have been confin'd and try'd,
For flagrant and wilful folly.

When they are let out of the cage,
  Without conſideration,
All children of a certain age,
  Are giv'n to obſervation.

Their judgment's ſo exceeding weak
  Their fancy ſo exceeding ſtrong,
That you can neither act nor ſpeak,
  They are ſo apt to take things wrong.

So neither Miſs, nor DICK the ſapling,
        With Madam rides,
She is attended by the Chaplain
        And none beſides.

Which

Which of the two were better pleas'd,
  Is difficult to ſay, I own,
Miſs and Papa had been ſo teaz'd,
  They both were pleas'd to be alone.

Up to her chamber MOLLY's flown,
  Faſt bolted is her chamber door,
So cautious the damſel's grown,
  From what Miſs MOLLY was before.

Ever ſince DICK began to pry,
  Ever ſince MOLLY caſt her frock,
She never ventures to rely
  On the protection of a lock.

MOLLY ſuſpects her couſin DICK,
  Her couſin DICK's ſo plaguy ſly,
That lock, or any lock can pick,
  That DICK has any mind to try.

DICK pick the lock! it could not be,
  If MOLLY only had the ſenſe,
As ſoon as ſhe had turn'd the key,
  Not to have taken it from thence.

MOLLY would gladly have compounded,
  If DICK would let her ſcape ſo cheap,
Whenever MOLLY was impounded,
  She left that hole for DICK to peep.

She

She knew there was no keeping,
Her couſin DICK from peeping:
For ſure as ever you're alive,
Either with gimlet or ſkewer,
Her couſin RICHARD would contrive
To bore a hole, ſomewhere, to view her.

For ſome particular affair,
That MOLLY had in agitation,
She did not at that juncture care,
To be expos'd to ſpeculation.

She clap'd a fire-ſkreen to the hole,
To hinder couſin DICK from ſpying;
Little imagining, poor ſoul,
That DICK was in her cloſet lying.

The room, as you have heard me tell,
At all times had been MOLLY's own,
The cloſet was a citadel
Of a late date, to awe the town.

Mamma had thought upon the caſe,
And thinking made her more afraid,
A cloſet was a dangerous place
For ſtratagem and ambuſcade;
So the room ſtill to Miſs remains,
The fort to Mamma appertains.

The key that opens this ſame fort,
Mamma had loſt, in a ſtrange ſort,
In riding out, the key ſhe loſt;
And it was found by DICK at play,
Upon the ſpot where it was toſs'd,
Upon a heap of new made hay.

Her pad, I fancy, for my part,
Is badly broke, and apt to ſtart:
And by a ſudden jirk or ſpring,
Or ſwing, or ſome ſuch thing;
Out flew the key, as if a ſtone
Had flown,
Out of a ſling.

Pray, where was Miſs's great neglect?
Where was her indiſcretion?
This treach'rous key could ſhe ſuſpect
To be in DICK's poſſeſſion?

She was ſo deliberate and cool,
Each nook and cranny ſhe ſurvey'd;
She even examin'd the cloſe-ſtool,
But DICK was in the cloſet laid.

Whate'er he ſaw, DICK never told,
And that is much for one ſo young,
When people that are twice as old,
Have twice as indiſcreet a tongue.

It

It muſt be ſomething curious,
  Some extraordinary matter,
DICK ſtar'd and look'd ſo furious,
  When he bounc'd out and flew at her.

Tho' ſhe was cruelly betray'd,
  DICK made up matters very ſoon,
MOLLY was reconcil'd, DICK ſtay'd
  And ſpent a pleaſant afternoon.

The point was long, and well debated,
  But DICK ſo ſolemnly proteſted,
By MOLLY he was reinſtated,
  And with the key fairly inveſted.

Mamma perceiv'd the key was ſtray'd,
  And ſent the Chaplain out to look,
'Twas not for that ſhe was diſmay'd,
  But ſhe had loſt her pocket-book.

He found the book, which was the beſt;
  As to the key, the careful mother,
Before ſhe laid her head to reſt,
  Sent and beſpoke juſt ſuch another.

'Twas well, ſhe let the lock remain;
  Had it been chang'd on his report,
It would have caus'd infinite pain,
  And ſpoil'd a deal of harmleſs ſport.

In a ſhort time MOLLY grew ſick,
Every day ſicker and ſicker,
MOLLY's complaints came very thick,
Every day thicker and thicker.
She was advis'd to change the air,
She did, but no-body knows where.

MOLLY came home a different thing,
Both in her ſhape and every feature,
From what ſhe went away in ſpring,
You never ſaw a virgin ſweeter.

'Squire NODDY coming from his travels,
By MOLLY is a captive led,
He to her Sire his mind unravels,
Her Sire conſents, and MOLLY's wed.

It is ſix years that 'Squire NODDY
Has had the care of MOLLY's body;
And they have children half a dozen;
But what is very odd is this,
That none of all the ſix ſhould miſs,
But every one be like her couſin.

ZACHARY's TALE;

OR THE

SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND Cured.

The ACTORS in this DRAMATICK TALE, are

The Suſpicious Huſband,	ANGRAVALLE.
His Wife,	BINDOCCHIA.
Her Friend,	PAULINA.
Her Huſband's Friend,	NICENO.

SCENE NAPLES.

PART the FIRST.

Z. M. Eſquire,

A living Monument,
Of the Friendſhip and Generoſity of the Great;
After an Intimacy of thirty Years,
With moſt of the great Perſonages of theſe Kingdoms,
Who did him the Honour to aſſiſt him,
In the laborious Work,
Of getting to the far End of a great Fortune,
Theſe his Noble Friends,
From Gratitude for the many happy Days and Nights
Enjoy'd by his Means,
Exalted him, through their Influence,
In the forty-ſeventh year of his Age,
To an Enſignicy;
Which he actually enjoys at preſent
In GIBRALTAR.

ODE to ZACHARY.

Omnis Ariſtippum decuit, color, et modus, et res—
Nunc in Ariſtippi furtim præcepta relabor,
Et mihi res, non me rebus ſubmittere conor—

WHAT ſober heads haſt thou made ake?
How many haſt thou kept from nodding?
How many wiſe-ones, for thy ſake,
Have flown to thee, and left off plodding?

Thou wouldſt, altho' the grave-ones ſhake
Their ſolemn locks, and ſtrike one mute,
As ſoon be in the infernal lake,
As in the place of P--T or B--TE;

Whoſe heads inceſſantly ſend forth
Projects, with glitt'ring trains, like ſquibs,
And ſcatter, through the South and North,
Vollies of Miniſterial Fibs.

Aſleep, down precipices hurry'd,
Or, like PROMETHEUS chain'd to rocks—
By vulturs gnaw'd, or monſters worry'd,
Hell-hounds, whoſe cry is, *Dei Vox*—

Or,

Or, victims to a heavier curſe,
  They dream they're dup'd, and fall unpity'd;
To fall a dupe, is ten times worſe,
  Than to be worried and dewitted.

Philoſophy and Grace is thine,
  Not ſpiritual Grace, but ſprightly;
Inſpir'd by the God of Wine,
  Like old ANACREON nightly.

That Light divine, that heav'nly Grace,
  I fear, alas! thou wouldſt not chuſe;
That ſhines and blackens WHITFIELD's face,
  Like the japan upon his ſhoes.

Whether thy Grace from Heav'n deſcends,
  Or riſes from the earth below,
Oft haſt thou rais'd thy helpleſs friends,
  Oft giv'n thy purſe unto thy foe---

Who gives his foe his purſe outright,
  Shews plain, if I have any ſkill,
Not only that he bears no ſpite,
  But that he bears him a good will.

And alſo, is perhaps as meek,
  And is as little of a bite,
As he who only gives his cheek
  (For LESLY gives nought elſe) to ſmite:

Or

Or WHITFIELD emptying the pockets
  Of whores, and bawds, and gaping throngs;
Turning his eyes out of their ſockets,
  Singing and ſelling DAVID's ſongs.

Now thou art gone, where can I find
  Spirit and eaſe above controul,
Serenity and health of mind,
  And gaiety and ſtrength of ſoul?
Precepts I find, examples none,
And guides as blind as a guide-ſtone.

The ſportive Muſe is my Phyſician,
  To cure the folly, and the madneſs,
Of Pride, of Envy, and Ambition;
  Of Spleen, and melancholy Sadneſs.

Soon as I touch the jocund lyre,
  That inſtant, driven from their ſeat,
The dæmons of the mind retire,
  And go and perſecute the Great.

O! may their torments never ceaſe,
  May they be ſcourg'd both night and day,
'Till they have brought thee back in peace,
  And then, like thee, may they be ever gay!

This

This is so long a Tale, that ZACHARY *thought it would be better divided into Two Parts.*

BANDELLO lived in the sixteenth century, in high reputation for his wit, and corresponded with all the great men of that age: He retired into France upon the taking of Milan by the Spaniards, at which time all his papers were burnt: In 1551 he was made Bishop of Agen in France, where his Novels were first published.

Outcries against writings, composed with no worse intention than to promote good-humour and chearfulness, by fighting against the *Tædium Vitæ*, were reserved for an age of refined hypocrisy. There ought to be a great distinction between obscenity, evidently designed to inflame the passions, and a ludicrous liberty, which is frequently necessary to shew the true ridicule of hypocritical characters, which can give offence to none, but such as are afraid of every thing that has a tendency to unmasking.

The second part of this Tale is upon a different plan from BANDELLO'S: ZACHARY has told the Bishop's Tale with more modesty than the Bishop, and I think the catastrophe is more natural. The best edition of BANDELLO is printed at Lucca in 1554, and reprinted in London, in three volumes, quarto, 1740.

ZACHARY'S

ZACHARY'S TALE.

TALE IV.

HOW oft has BOCCACE been tranſlated
And blunder'd,
And JEAN FONTAINE aſſaſſinated,
And plunder'd:
Where is the land where BOCCACE and FONTAINE
Have not in effigy been ſlain?

FONTAINE they imitate and turn,
BOCCACE they repreſent and render,
Juſt as the figures made to burn,
Are like the Pope and the Pretender.

Why mayn't BANDELLO have a rap?
Why mayn't I imitate BANDELLO?
There never was a Prelate's cap
Beſtow'd upon a droller fellow?

Like TRISTRAM, in mirth delighting;
Like TRISTRAM, a pleaſant Writer;
Like his, I hope, that TRISTRAM's writing
Will be rewarded with a Mitre.

There was a Knight, ſays our Biſhop,
A Knight from Aragon in Spain,
So jealous, that you cannot fiſh up
His like and paragon again:

He ſerv'd ALPHONSUS many years,
  Both in the wars and in affairs of State,
And fell in love up to the ears,
  And would not give it up at any rate.
By bribes and flattery he won
Father, mother, daughter, and ſon.

And yet he ſerenaded, ſigh'd,
  And was long doubtful of his doom,
Before he gain'd his lovely Bride,
  With all the rights of a Bridegroom.

  And after that, they tell us,
That in leſs time than you would think,
  He grew ſo plaguy jealous,
He could not ſleep o'nights a wink.

He was not jealous, ſays the Tale,
  All the time he was in training;
'Twas not 'till he began to fail,
  And to fall off, by over-ſtraining.

As ſoon as ever he train'd off,
  The nights ſhe paſs'd can ſcarce be told;
All night he could do nought but cough,
  Torment, and tantalize, and ſcold.

BINDOCCHIA was lively and alert,
And had no notion of a bridle,
She requir'd one, not only more expert,
But one as active as her ſpouſe was idle.

Now ANGRAVALLE knew all this,
As well as either you or I,
When he thought proper to diſmiſs
Thoſe, on whoſe help he might rely.

He turn'd off men and maids,
All together;
Birds of a feather;
Rogues, and intriguing jades;
All but a fellow with a ſurly look,
Gard'ner, butler, groom, and cook:

And, to cut off all hopes to come,
From an intriguing maid at leaſt,
He pick'd up one both deaf and dumb,
And neither fit for man nor beaſt----.

Beſides, he had ſuch crotchets in his pate,
And ſuch ſtrange notions,
She could not croſs the room without her mate
To watch her motions.
BINDOCCHIA was to be pity'd,
So watch'd, ſo ſcolded, ſo ill fitted.

Conſidering

Conſidering cuckoldom's a ſentence,
  That cannot be revers'd and null,
By commutation nor repentance,
  Nor by his Holineſs's Bull:

I cannot think he was to blame,
  So much as many folks pretend,
To ſhut his doors, and to diſclaim
  All intercourſe with ev'ry friend.

Thoſe cuckolds, it can't be diſputed,
  That either Heaven or earth can boaſt,
Have been, and always are, cornuted
  By thoſe in whom they truſt the moſt.

However, all were not deny'd;
  He had a friend he valu'd next his life;
A friend that he had often try'd;
  One, by good luck, related to his wife.

He was admitted, night or day,
    To dine or ſup,
    Or to ſtep up,
If he was not inclin'd to ſtay.
NICENO had an equal ſhare
In the affections of this pair.

After

After much thought and perturbation,
  BINDOCCHIA grew to have leſs care,
For the continual defalcation
  In ANGRAVALLE's bills of fare---

Though you may think her patience ſtrange,
  She thought, but not without ſome doubt,
The poſture of affairs would change,
  That things would turn, and come about.

Two months were gone, which was a ſhame,
  Without receiving any news,
Though ſhe had oft put in her claim,
  And often ſtickled for her dues;
The longer he was in arrear,
Her caſe and his grew ſtill more queer.

In ſhort, there was no end of waiting;
  Her Huſband grew ſo great a debtor,
There was no way of calculating
  The chances of his growing better---

Now, Ladies, I deſire to know,
  In ſuch a ſituation,
Was it unnatural, or no,
  To caſt her eyes on her Relation?

Obſerve,

Obſerve, I ſaid to caſt her eyes;
With thoſe 'twas natural to ſpeak;
To mingle alſo a few ſighs,
With a few roſes in each cheek:
Except a bluſh, a ſigh, a ſoft regard,
All other forms of ſpeech are barr'd.

Accordingly, within her lips
She had a tongue in due ſubjection;
Not apt to wander, and make ſlips,
Without her order and direction.

One day ſhe went, upon leave granted,
To ſee her Couſin---pray, take notice, Sirs?
A female that ſhe often haunted,
NICENO's Couſin too, as well as hers;
As uſual, attended by the Mute,
And by the Gardener, her fellow-brute---

PAULINA was her Couſin's name,
A perfect Saint in her demeanour;
Though ſhe was ſpotleſs in her fame,
Never was any thing uncleaner:

She could impoſe upon the Wiſe and Grave,
And could, with TITUS, ſafely ſwear,
She never loſt a day that ſhe could ſave,
Nor ſav'd a night that ſhe could ſpare.

BINDOCCHIA

BINDOCCHIA told her Huſband's caſe,
His former feats were not deny'd;
But then his ſubſequent diſgrace,
By rhetorick was amplify'd.

By what means, or diſcovery,
Her Friend reply'd, can you be ſure,
That he is paſt recovery,
That he is even paſt your cure?

There's a diſorder we call Fumbling,
Amongſt the men call'd Fighting ſhy,
Teazing, tumbling, ſqueezing, mumbling,
Still worſe and worſe, the more they try.

Upon our ſkill in this diſeaſe,
All our whole happineſs depends;
All our importance, all our eaſe,
All our pow'r of obliging friends.

We muſt, when call'd to their aſſiſtance,
Chearfully undergo the Law:
'Tis death to them to ſhew reſiſtance,
And worſe than death to laugh, or pſhaw.

With all their humours, all their fancies,
In ev'ry form, in ev'ry ſhape,
We muſt comply; nay, make advances,
To help them out of ſuch a ſcrape.

'Tis by this ſingle piece of ſkill,
That I command and rule,
And make my headſtrong mule
Submit entirely to my will.

BINDOCCHIA, indeed, I fear,
That you, like many a Beauty,
Think that your goods ought to come clear
Of ev'ry charge, and ev'ry duty:

And ſo they will, my dear, by ſmuggling;
But the foundation muſt be laid,
By honeſt induſtry and ſtruggling;
By credit in a lawful trade.
Have you with both your mind and might,
Endeavour'd to ſet matters right?

Caſting her eyes upon a crucifix,
That hung within her couſin's bed;
BINDOCCHIA ſaid, I have try'd all the tricks,
That ever enter'd in a head.

I could as ſoon perſuade thoſe thieves,
To ſteal away and leave their croſſes;
Or the fall'n tree with wither'd leaves,
To riſe, and to repair its loſſes.
There never will be life within that lump,
'Till the dead riſe at the laſt trump.

PAULINA,

PAULINA, this is my decree,
My Spouſe muſt have a Coadjutor,
His Friend, all precedents agree,
Should be preferr'd to ev'ry ſuitor.

I need not tell you whom I mean,
Nor aſk my Friend to go between:
He has had innuendo's many,
But make NICENO underſtand,
That ſcruples, if he has any,
Are juſt like letters wrote on ſand:

Or like the fears of truant boys,
Which interrupt their briſk career,
And for a moment damp their joys,
But the next moment diſappear:

Or like a boy in brief diſpute,
Whether it is a ſin to pull
A pocket full of tempting fruit,
Or rob an orchard that's quite full:
Nature decides, and doubt no longer hampers,
He fills his pockets, and he ſcampers.

In fine,
PAULINA reliſh'd her deſign,
Her Friend, by the ſame guard eſcorted,
Return'd, to her old ſtation,
That night, PAULINA, 'tis reported,
Finiſh'd her negotiation.

Her arguments had ſo much weight,
NICENO gave up the debate.

BINDOCCHIA, put upon her mettle,
Aſſembles and convenes,
Her powers, and all her wits, to ſettle
And find out ways and means:

She had not been an hour acquainted,
With her Friend's motion and ſucceſs,
'Till ſhe was taken ill and fainted,
And carry'd off, and forc'd t' undreſs.

Her mouth was drawn aſide and purs'd,
Her head turn'd like the flying chair,
That children ride in at a fair;
Her ſtomach ſwell'd, and like to burſt.

All night in bed ſhe made a riot,
Her Huſband thought ſhe was poſſeſs'd,
She never had a moment's quiet,
Nor he a ſingle minute's reſt.

Juſt at the time that the cock crew,
Out of the bed BINDOCCHIA flew,
In the next chamber was a water cloſet,
Where ſhe began to grunt and moan,
As if ſhe was making a depoſit,
And was delivering a ſtone.

Her

Her Huſband roſe and follow'd near,
  And if ſhe had been off her guard,
She could have heard with half an ear,
  He puff'd, and fetch'd his breath ſo hard,
By ſmothering his cough he kept a wheezing,
Which for a liſt'ner is as bad as ſneezing.

Hearing him wheeze, ſhe blew a gale,
  That ſeem'd to iſſue from behind,
And made her Huſband turn his ſail,
  And bruſh away before the wind.

So well did ſhe perform her part,
  Trumpeting with her mouth and hand;
He had no miſtruſt of any art,
  Or any dealings contraband.

At ev'ry foul report and crack,
  That ſhe in agony let fly,
He mov'd, and ſlunk a little back,
  Like a judicious able ſpy.

Scarce were they laid till he began to ſnore,
BINDOCCHIA ſtarted out of bed once more,
And ſoon ſpoil'd ANGRAVALLE'S ſnoring;
  He thought it was a kettle-drum,
  For never any mortal bum,
Made ſuch a rattling and roaring.

Again

Again he was upon his feet,
  Again ſhe was all wind and griping;
Again he made a ſafe retreat,
  The inſtant that he heard her wiping.

His jealous freaks were never ſo kept under,
  But they would quickly ſhoot and flow'r,
To ev'ry one's aſtoniſhment and wonder,
  Like muſhrooms in a thunder ſhow'r.

The moment he began to doze,
  It was in vain to think of ſleeping;
She ſtarted up, whipt on her cloaths,
  Ran off, and he came after creeping.

'Till broad day-light,
There was no ſign at all of ending,
  For ſhe kept going all the night,
And he kept liſt'ning and attending.
The female couſins, with much laughter,
Concerted all the ſcenes hereafter.

Next day, the better to impoſe,
  She kept her bed fatigu'd with purging,
And yet BINDOCCHIA often roſe,
  Her provocations were ſo urging.

The

The night was like the night before,
  Hurrying, trumpeting, dispatching:
The same attendant at the door,
  For ever listening and catching:
'Till he was weary'd out and spent,
And quite convinc'd no harm was meant.

At three o'clock that very morning,
An hour convenient for horning,
NICENO, punctual to his call,
  In the next chamber was in waiting,
Convey'd thro' a window of the hall,
  Without much doubting and debating.

There was no servant there to fear,
  Except the Mute, and none slept sounder,
And she so deaf, she could not hear
  Ev'n an eight and forty pounder.

The Gardener, by way of Groom,
  The only one watchful and able,
Laid at a distance in a room,
        Over the stable.

And now BINDOCCHIA went to reap,
  The fruits of all her labour,
Whilst ANGRAVALLE was asleep,
  She entertain'd his neighbour.

He

He was ſo pleaſant and engaging,
  She ſtay'd with him three hours at leaſt,
And tho' he wak'd coughing and raging,
  Her Huſband could not ſpoil their feaſt.

They went on joyouſly, for nothing caring,
    So keen is hunger;
Regarding him no more than a cheeſe-paring,
    Or a Cheeſemonger.

With her mouth ſhe trumpeted and crack'd,
  And made a noiſe ſo diabolick,
You would have ſworn ſhe had been rack'd,
  And torn to pieces with the cholick.

I may thank you for all I feel,
  Cry'd ſhe to ANGRAVALLE, coughing,
If one was made of braſs or ſteel,
  You would wear one out to nothing.

Three months with cold have I been dying,
By your pretty way of lying,
Such uſage is not to be borne,
  Toſſing and kicking cloaths and ſheets!
And never cover'd night nor morn!
  I could lie better in the ſtreets!

Thus things being come to a concluſion,
  NICENO ſtole away, ſhe ſhut up ſhop,
Jump'd into bed without the leaſt confuſion,
  Scolded a while, and ſlept like any top.

END of the FIRST PART.

ZACHARY'S TALE.

PART II.

AT noon ſhe roſe, recover'd quite,
Her colour and her eyes confeſs'd,
They were ſo radiant and bright,
That nat'ral phyſick is the beſt:
As ANGRAVALLE had foretold,
Natural phyſick carry'd off her cold.

What could not be foretold ſo well,
What he could only hope at moſt,
That night ſhe rais'd him, like a ſpell
Raiſing the devil or a ghoſt.

Her charms and efforts were ſo great,
His cure was compleated;
Nay, 'twas ſo thoroughly compleat,
That all the proofs were twice repeated.

But this ſhe knew ſhe could not long rely on,
Nor would it do by half;
Unleſs a lamb will ſatisfy a lion
That can digeſt a calf.

That half is far more than the whole,
In former times, was HESIOD's thought;
She was perſuaded from her ſoul,
That half is only more than nought;

And consequently less than half must stand,
Just like a cypher, plac'd on the left hand.

This sudden revolution
Caus'd in her Husband a revulsion,
Which caus'd a resolution
To yield, and fellow its impulsion.
His country-house wanting repairing,
He thought to take a three days airing.

Though he had vow'd a trust unshaken
For his BINDOCCHIA's late merits;
For all the trouble she had taken,
To comfort him, and raise his spirits;
Yet when he bade his wife adieu,
His jealousy broke out anew.

He left the Gardener instructed;
He was to watch and lie perdu,
To see how matters were conducted,
And to report upon a view:
And after this the Knight departed,
Sadly foreboding and faint-hearted.

His Lady knew, that time, like riches,
Should be enjoy'd;
Which are but lumber in one's breeches,
When unemploy'd:
Her greatest happiness she ow'd
To time judiciously bestow'd.

PAULINA

PAULINA was directed ſtrait
The Coadjutor to ſecure;
He was that night to officiate
In ANGRAVALLE's vacant cure:
For three whole nights, which is ſurprizing,
Was he employ'd in burying and baptizing.

After ſuch buſineſs and hurry,
It ever was my confident belief,
That he was rather glad than ſorry,
When ANGRAVALLE came to his relief;
Though the laſt night an accident fell out,
That might alarm a man leſs ſtout.

Returning through the garden late,
He ſpy'd, within the avery,
The Gardener lying in wait
To perpetrate ſome knavery:

Although betray'd,
He knew his Couſin's parts too well
To be afraid
Of aught the Gardener could tell;
Nor ventur'd, in affairs ſo nice,
To interpoſe his own advice.

As to all ſalutary meaſures,
He truſted to that native wit,
Abounding in inventive treaſures,
And inexhauſtible as PITT---

In State Affairs, if not in Letters,
NICENO may be an example,
When we give credit to our Betters,
To make it generous and ample.
BINDOCCHIA thus, upon the brink of ruin,
Smil'd at the mischief that was brewing.

She was peeping through her window lattice
Just when she heard her Husband rap;
Not as a rat is,
A rat that's peeping through a trap;
But as a cat is,
A cat with a considering cap.

Whilst he was knocking at the gate,
BINDOCCHIA slily descended;
She knew the temper of her Mate,
Enough to guess what he intended;
Having, in cog, upon occasions,
Assisted at his consultations.

The council-room was under-ground:
Where he repair'd when he alighted,
The bill against his Spouse was found---
And the poor soul, to be indicted;
A trial was decreed,
Proceedings settled and agreed.

The

The Court broke up, all parties to their taſk
Till things ſhould be reveal'd,
BINDOCCHIA iſſu'd from an empty caſk,
Where ſhe had lain conceal'd.
Her Huſband took a turn or two
To ſmooth the wrinkles on his brow---

Then ſmiling, like a mind at eaſe,
He march'd up to his Lady's chamber,
And found BINDOCCHIA on her knees
Before a crucifix of amber:
A ſituation,
That he beheld with indignation.

But he kept down his ſwelling bile,
Inform'd by ſober reaſon,
That his revenge, delay'd awhile,
Would not be leſs in ſeaſon;
She neither mov'd her eye, nor her eye-brow,
'Till ſhe had ſung the Litany quite through.

Then riſing with a chearful air,
So modeſt, and ſo unaffected,
That ANGRAVALLE well might ſtare,
When he conſider'd and reflected.
However, with ſome perturbation,
He ſtammer'd this Oration.

I muſt

I muſt return---this afternoon,
  On bus'neſs, that I can't neglect;
To-morrow I will be here---ſoon;
  Sooner, perhaps,---than you expect.

I thought, if I did not appear,
  Knowing how great your love and care is,
That you would certainly, my Dear,
  Be full of fears and quandaries---
So I muſt inſtantly go back,
As ſoon as I have got a ſnack.

Whilſt this ſame ſnack was getting ready,
  PAULINA call'd upon her ſcholar,
A circumſtance that kept him ſteady---
  And help'd him to digeſt his choler.

His meal diſpatch'd, he ſet out in an amble,
  Full of his great and wiſe intentions,
BINDOCCHIA, in a ſhort preamble,
  Explain'd her doubts and apprehenſions,

Laid open all her plans and ſchemes,
  Her arguments and ſpeculations,
Which were ſo far from being dreams,
  PAULINA thought them revelations;
Her ſchemes, like Harlequinery,
Were all dumb ſhew and ſcenery;

The

The whole, ſo artfully invented,
  So free from all affected airs;
It muſt ſucceed, if repreſented,
  By any tolerable players.
PAULINA had a part aſſign'd,
In which her couſin knew ſhe ſhin'd.

They were reſolv'd to try the event,
  And ſet about it with good-will,
Knowing, before the night was ſpent,
  They might be forc'd to ſhew their ſkill---
Which made PAULINA haſten home,
To be prepar'd againſt the time to come.

PAULINA told the Gard'ner in the entry,
  To mind her meſſage, and take heed,
To leave his poſt where he was ſentry,
  And let his Lady know with ſpeed,
That ſhe had quite forgot to ſay,
The meſſage he was to convey.

That ſhe had bus'neſs in the town,
  But ſhe would ſend the fringe and lace,
Drawings and patterns for the gown,
  By her own maid the Bolognoiſe.

BINDOCCHIA might keep her ſlattern,
  Keep her all night, if ſhe requir'd,
'Till ſhe had drawn and done the pattern,
  And the deſigns that ſhe deſir'd.

Tho'

Tho' theſe were terms to him like Greek,
Yet he deliver'd his commiſſion,
And did, as well as he could ſpeak,
Deliver it with great preciſion.

And now as ſoon as it was night,
He lock'd the gates of the great court,
And introduc'd the jealous Knight,
By a back way, or ſally port.
Within the av'ry, in ambuſcade,
His Lord and Maſter watch'd and pray'd.

Being firſt inform'd how matters went,
That none had enter'd ever ſince his going,
Except a wench PAULINA ſent,
That was above, drawing deſigns for ſewing,

A Bolognoiſe with ſcarf and veil,
Twanging through the noſe and ſnuffing,
As if ſhe had been from head to tail,
Loaded with a Naples ſtuffing.

The night was ſtill, the moon was bright,
When he, in an ill-fated hour,
Diſcover'd plainly, by her light---
NICENO paſſing by his bow'r.
On which, with reſolution,
He put his wrath in execution.

Our

Our jealous Knight, in the firſt place,
Summoned all his wife's relations;
As witneſſes of her diſgrace,
And of his wrongs and patience,
Dragging along, with many others,
His Lady's father, and her brothers.

How did her brothers ſtorm, her father weep?
When op'ning her room door, upon the bed,
They all beheld the Lovers faſt aſleep,
Upon her boſom lay NICENO's head.

But when they ſaw the Lovers riſe,
How great their wonder, what muſt they ſuppoſe?
They hardly could believe their eyes,
Seeing PAULINA in NICENO's cloaths---
And here the injur'd wife began to hector,
Reading the following lecture.

His jealous fits were ev'ry hour,
Nay, ev'ry minute, growing ſtronger,
'Till he had put it paſt my pow'r,
To bear his folly any longer.

Having obſerv'd the jealous fool
Following me when I was ſick,
Every time I went to ſtool,
I own it touch'd me to the quick.

PAULINA's goodneſs and devotion,
Was ſhock'd at my determination,
Inſiſting it was a raſh notion,
Altho' ſhe own'd the provocation;
Adviſing me to club our wits,
To try to cure my Huſband's fits.

Whilſt ANGRAVALLE was away,
Indeed, I bluſh whilſt I am ſpeaking,
I ſpy'd the Gard'ner, where he lay,
Watching like a thief, and ſneaking.

So having found the thing I ſought,
A key that turn'd the garden door lock,
I was tranſported with the thought,
Of puniſhing my ſtupid block.

PAULINA, as ſhe had often done,
Borrow'd her couſin's cloaths, and in the garden,
In order to compleat our fun,
Appear'd before the Gardener, my warden.

My ſpouſe, we did not doubt the leaſt,
Would be inform'd as we deſir'd,
We knew that the ſuſpicious beaſt,
With rage and vengeance would be fir'd.

His ſecond going was to deceive,
It happen'd juſt as we ſuppos'd,
And now I humbly conceive,
He is ſufficiently expos'd---
This is the hiſtory,
Of all this myſtery:
And now I beg, his temper ſuch is,
To be deliver'd from his clutches.

Her Huſband, touch'd with true compunction,
Acknowledg'd his tranſgreſſions,
She ſpoke with ſo much force and unction,
He promis'd before all the ſeſſions,
If ſhe would pardon what was paſt,
That this offence ſhould be the laſt.

And as a proof that his deſigns were good,
The Gard'ner ſhould be diſcarded;
She ſhould chuſe ſervants, and go where ſhe would
Unguarded.

BINDOCCHIA conſented,
And never afterwards repented.
PAULINA to her maid retir'd,
Which maid was not according to the letter,
But in this faſhion was attir'd,
On purpoſe to conceal NICENO better.

So well he acted, I'll engage,
That this NICENO might have play'd
On any theatre or ſtage,
The ſnuffling Bolognia maid.
PAULINA dreſs'd herſelf before ſhe went,
Her maid had brought her cloaths for that intent.

People that I ſuſpect for ſcoffers,
Pretend that whilſt PAULINA was undreſſing,
NICENO made her handſome offers,
Which ſhe could not refuſe, he was ſo preſſing.
They were together, 'tis confeſs'd,
Two hours before ſhe could get dreſs'd.

However 'twas is undecided,
But as to him he was compleat,
In every circumſtance provided,
And fit to ſerve a pious cheat,
But, to be able to ſerve two,
Is more than either you or I can do.

THE

THE

PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S

AND THE

STUDENT of LAW'S TALE.

A MANUSCRIPT

Found at CRAZY-CASTLE.

Suppoſed to be wrote about the Time of HENRY VIII.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S

AND THE

STUDENT of LAW'S TALE.

ONCE on a time, how many years ago,
As I could nivir learn, you cannot know,
A Member of the Parliment,
And a Law-ſtudent, his relation,
Rode out of town with no intent,
Unleſs it was for recreation.
Full ſixty is the Member, and hath ſeen
Many a famous King, and comely Queen---
In yvery reign, in yvery age,
He floriſh'd in proſperities;
In the beginning was a Page,
Now Privy-Counſellor is he.
His perſonage is grave and full of ſtate,
Yielding him weight and vantage in debate;
But with a boon-companion gay and free;
No ceremony, no myſterious airs;
Juſt as a Privy-Counſellour ſhould be,
If he had been a Page of the Back-ſtairs.
The Student's Father is in perfect health,
Thank God, and waxes daily ſtrong in wealth;

Wants

Wants not his ſon to get a heap,
But juſt enough of Law,
To guard his own Eſtate, and keep
The Neighbourhood in awe;
And I dare venture to maintain,
Herein his Father's hopes ſhall not be vain.
Allbeit, he doth not attend the Courts,
And redith none but GEOFFERY's Reports;
Yet PLOWDEN lying ever on the table,
Opin and ſpread,
He is counted full as able,
As if he had him in his head.
So, as I ſignify'd before, theſe two
Ride out of town, having nought elſe to do.
Six miles from town, this Member hath a box
For contemplation good;
Where he retires, as thoughtful as an ox
Chewing his cud.
He creeps into his box of ſtone,
Sometimes for pleaſure, oftener for whim;
Or when he is tir'd of every one,
Or every one is tir'd of him.
It is call'd a Box, and there's a reaſon why,
Becauſe therein a man lies himſelf by---
Within a box, if you your cloaths conceal,
The faſhion and the worms conſpire,
To make a ſuit, that was genteel,
Fit only for the Sheriff of a ſhire;
But good enough for you,
If in your box you lie too long perdu.

When

When you come out again, 'twill be too late;
You and your coat will both be out of date---
Here then they light, and now ſuppoſe them dining;
Suppoſe them alſo grumbling and repining;
The bacon's fuſty, and the fowls are tough;
The mutton over-done, the fiſh not done enough;
The cloth is drawn, the wine before them ſet;
Wine, like themſelves, entirely on the fret:
Muttering their prayers, exchanging looks aſkew,
Juſt like two rival beauties in a pew.
What might have happen'd no one can decide,
Had not, by fortune or deſign,
The Butler in the cellar ſpy'd
A hoard of admirable wine:
Bounce goes the cork; ſparkles the glaſs;
Couſin, here's to your favourite laſs:
And here their purgatory ends;
For after this
They enter into perfect bliſs,
Drinking like perfect friends:
Drinking, becauſe drinking promoteth joaking;
Joaking without inſulting or provoking.
The evening finiſhes with equal glory,
The worthy Counſellor propoſing
To make a cloſing,
By telling each a merry ſtory.
I have one fram'd, ſays he, in GEOFFRY's phraſe;
GEOFFRY's the Courtier's language of thoſe days.
The Student likes the motion well;
Says he, I'll anſwer you with one quite new---
My tale in courtly ſpeech I cannot tell;
But I can tell a merry tale, and true.

THE

PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

TALE V.

REIGNID in Yorkſhire one of mity fame,
Clepid King GRIG, as *Kronikels* proclaim;
Thilk Prince delighted ay in mirth and ſport,
Japis and jollitries of yvery ſort;
And now when pepil lough, and *rage*, and play,
Folk name them merry Grigs until this day---
This King, I undirſtond, hath *venimid* his *blud*,
Whereby he hath loſt his *corage* and his *rud*;
Sore *ſhent* is he by Cupid and his mother,
And woe-begone far more than any other---
The Kingis mother dere, Queen WHITY *hight*,
Becauſe her *heer*, allſo her ſkin is white,
Is Queen of Corteſy, and Beautis Pride,
Gentil and modeſt as a maidin bride.
She ſends to Potikers and *Leeches* grave,
Prays them to ſpare his life, and membris ſave;
Ne drogue ne inſtroment mote him avail;
His joints are loſen'd, and his cheekis pale;
And he that *erſt* would ſing, and laugh, and jeer,
Hath not he ſmilid once in *haf* a year.
There is a Conjorer, a *ſottil Wight*;
This Conjorer the Queen conſults by night.

Clepid, called. *Thilk*, this ſame. *Japis*, jeſts. *Rage*, frolick. *Venimid his blud*, tainted. *Corage and his rud*, his ſtrength, his ſpirits, and complexion. *Shent*, hurt. *Hight*, called. *Heer*, hair. *Leeches*, phyſicians. *Erſt*, formerly. *Haf*, half. *Sottil wight*, a cunning fellow.

The Neekromanzir, according to his guiſe,
Caſteth his figures, poreth on the ſkies,
And redith how to cure the Kingis woe;
His Grace until an heling-well ſhall go,
And bath his lims for ſivin nights therein;
And ſivin maidins, ſtrippid to the ſkin,
Shall *frote* his body, 'till one, by her deviſe
And cunning touching, hele him in a trice.

Both King and Queen, you may be very ſure,
Are in great haſte to ſet about the cure.
Now is ſhe ſetten forth in brave array,
And with the *ſely* King upon her way;
Yccompany'd with Minſtrels and *Japers*,
Jugglirs and Morrice-dancers, cutting capers;
One time that thing which Miniſters delite,
Shall, in another ſeaſon, breed diſpite;
For when the King is ſad, it is ungracious thing
If *everich-one* is merrier than the King.
In this ſort journeying, they come at laſt
Unto the well, wherein the King him caſt;
His body chafid is, with ſpecial care,
By ſivin naked damſills paſſing fair.

The King hath view'd them well in every *piece*,
Withouten ſplint, or malanders, or greaſe;
Hard are their breaſtis, ſkin as ſmothe as glaſs;
Plomp be their bottoks, and as tight as braſs;
Smale are their feet; each feature, every limb,
Lies in the faireſt form, and ſweeteſt trim---

Frote, rub. *Sely*, ſick. *Yccompany'd*, accompany'd. *Japers*, Jeſters. *Everich*, every *Piece*, part.

The

The Queen examinid hath craftily
For Maidins of the beſt virginity;
None of theſe ſivin hath ſpilt her maidins-hede,
As in theſe days moch reſon was to drede.
Handlid and chafid with *ſick daintyneſs*,
Wexid the King to gather *luſtyneſs*;
And *notabul* it is to *everich* eye,
How he is rais'd and cheriſhed thereby.
The ſivinth day they all are out of pain;
Symptome of helth appearid very plain;
Whereat the Queen rejoices as is need,
Honoring the Maidin who hath done the deid;
And yet when he returnid hath to Court,
The King *mote* not be pleas'd in any ſort;
And all that Lords and Ladys can invent,
Shall but encreaſe the Kingis diſcontent;
Wherfor the dutyfull Queen hieth her,
And counſelleth again the Conjorer.
He ſpieth, in his ſecret *Boke of Magie*,
How the ſame Maidins *mote him rectifie*;
And yvery buxom Maid ſhall ſpeke a tale,
And yvery Maid to make him lough aſſail;
And ſhe that makes him lough ſhall thence be led,
And have the Kingis company in bed;
In bed, or any other pleaſant place,
Wherever it ſhall pleaſe the Kingis Grace.

Sik, ſuch. *Daintyneſs*, elegance. *Luſtyneſs*, ſtrength, health, &c. *Notabul*, plain. *Everich*, every. *Mote*, might. *Boke of Magie*, Conjuring book. *Mote*, might. *Rectifie*, ſet him to rights.

And lo the Queen theſe joyful tidings bears
To Chappil, where the Maidins are at prayers---
Away the Maidins hurry them from Matins,
Apparrelling themſelves in ſilks and ſattins;
And all the ſivin Damzils, out of hand,
Are ſet before the King at his command---
He doth ordain each Maid to ſpeke by lot;
Allſo, becauſe ne word ſhall be forgot,
A Scribe is there to notice all they ſay---
And now ſix Maids have talk'd for haf a day;
And yet, for all the talking they can make,
They ſcarce can keep the Kingis Grace awake.
Then came the ſivinth Maidin in degree,
But cannot ſpeke her tale for modeſty.
My tale, ſaies ſhe, I wold begin, but fear
A word unſeemly to a modeſt ear;
My tale without this word cannot be told,
And to deliver it I am not bold---
What means the Maidin, quoth the King *in ire*,
You may *gloze* any word if you *enquire*?
I am no *Clerk*, ſaies ſhe, her Grace well knows,
Pleaſith you, Sir, may teach me how to *gloze*;
Bot I will trie to do the beſt I may,
That you may better frame what I would ſay---
Of all God's creatures its the choiceſt fare,
Yet he that has the leaſt, has the beſt ſhare.
I ſhall not graunt your prayer, the King reply'd,
Riddils are derk; and Paraphraſe is wide:

In ire, in a paſſion. *Enquire*, ſtudy. *Clerk*, ſcholar. *Gloze*, to wrap up ænigmatically.

Bot

Bot well I know the Latin and the Dutch,
Of Fraunce and Toſcany I have a touch:
Now, any of theſe tongues, if you're enclin'd,
Fair Maid, may ſeem to ſhape what you would find.
Dutch, quoth the Queen, my ſon, the maid demands,
It is a tongue no Chriſtian undirſtands.
Well, quoth the King, fair Maid, this dredefull name,
That werkith in you ſo much ſtrife and ſhame,
Pronounce they Fotz throughout all Germany;
Now you may ſpeke your ſtory *hardily*. ---
Sir, quoth the buxom Maid, upon a time,
A jolly Knight there was in all his prime,
Soot were his eyes, and manly was his face,
Luſty his limbs, his body in good caſe;
A piercing and a pleaſant wit withall,
Ne vice had he, but that *his means* were ſmall:
Here the King turning, doth the Scribe beſeech,
To loſe no word, nor ſentence of her ſpeech.
Upon a *joyful tide*, the King of Kent
Proclamid hath, a noble turnament,
There yvery Knight enforced is to be;
Unleſs he will be *held of villanie*;
Our Knight, Sir AMADOR the debonaire,
Mote thither with his Squire and ſteed repair:
And having traveled five days *anend*,
The Knight and Squire unto a meadow *wend*,
Ynamilid with pinks and cowſlips gay,
Thro' which a rivir glides as bright as ſummir-day,

Hardily, boldly. *Soot*, ſweet. *Means*, Fortune, Eſtate. *Joyfull Tide*, Time of Feſtivity. *Held of Villanie*, degraded and reduc'd to the condition of a Vaſſal. *Anend*, ſtrait forwards. *Wend*, arriv'd.

Upon

Upon the banks grows many a beachin tree,
And many a ſpreding oak moſt fair to ſee;
There they eſpied in the criſtal lake,
Three nakid damzills of an hevenly make;
Their *wimples* and their gowns of *broudid* ſilk,
Ywrought with gold, their ſmokkis white as milk,
And all their coſtly garments were diſplay'd
Undir an aged oak's ynticing ſhade.
Behold the Knightis color changeth hue,
At ſight ſo unexpected and ſo new;
Not that Acteon's hap *ydraddid* he,
Worried belike for *ſik* audacity.
The Knight he bloſh'd, becauſe he *thote* within,
Such nakidneſs ſhall make a ſaint to ſin.---
Gazeth Sir AMADOR with all his mite,
Taſteth thereof the 'Squire but brief delite,
For being more ynclined unto prey,
Stealid their ſmokkis and their robes away.
The Maidens noted the unworthy Swain,
And calling to the Knight, declare their pain;
Soon the ynragid Knight arreſts the Squire,
And turnith to the Maids with their attire,
Making excuſes, he could do no leſs,
For his intruſion on their nakidneſs,
And with profound reſpect and reverence,
Saluting each by turns he bears him hence.
He is hardly gone, before they all agree,
They ſhould have done the Knight ſome corteſy;

Wimples, Neck-kerchief. *Broudid*, embroider'd. *Ydraddid*, fear'd. *Thote*, thought. *Sik*, the like.

And

And call him back; the eldeſt Suſter ſpoke,
Sir, we be Fairys living by this *broke*,
And *ſikirly* unfit it is for us,
That have ſuch power, to be diſcourteous;
Wherfore ſome tokins at our hands receive,
And for myſelf, this tokin will I leave,
Wymen to pleaſure you ſhall ever ſtrive
In any land, ſo long as you're alive,
And you ſhall nivir fail in wymen's pleaſure,
And when you pleaſe, ſhall pleaſe them without meaſure.
The ſecond Fairy ſaith, Sir Knight, my tokin
Is of a nature wondros to be ſpokin---
And now the Damzill's tale cannot proceed;
Her face, as any burning coal, is rede.
Quoth then, the King divining ſottely,
The word you ſeek, is Fotz aſſuredly:
True, ſaies the Maid; and ſo the Fairy ſaith,
That whoſoever Fotz he queſtioneth,
Shall make an anſwer, or if none ſhe gives,
The Fotz ſhall fare the worſe for't whilſt ſhe lives.
My Suſter, quoth the third, under correction,
Your tokin's good, but lacketh of perfection,
The Fotz may be, by accidental cauſe,
So buſy that ſhe cannot move her jaws;
Whenever this doth happen, I intend
Her next door neighbour anſwer for her friend---
The King no longer can refrain from laughter,
Alſo the Queen herſelf him follows after.
I will reward you well for this anon;
Mean time, quoth he, my pritty Maid, go on.

Broke, brook. *Sikirly*, certainly.

The

The Knight *ne yvir* having ſeen a *fay*,
Thinketh they *japen* him in that they ſay---
He overtakes the Squire, and on they ride,
Diſcourſing on the Fairys, ſide by ſide;
Happened a *Freer* of a neighboring abbey,
Rideth abroad in gallant pomp that day,
Mounted he is upon a dapple mare,
And loketh altogether void of care,
Roſy his cheeks, a twinkling hazle eye,
He ſeemid Patriarke of Venerie;
Or, Pontif of renowned *Baal-Peor*,
Certes you ſhall not oft meet ſuch a Freer,

Ne yvir, never. *Fay*, Fairy. *Japen*, banter. *Freer*, Friar.

Baal-Peor, or *Baal-Phegor*, from whence, perhaps, *Pego*, and the adjunct Βαλλοκ, whoſe prieſts are opprobriouſly called Βαλλοκς, or *Followers of Baal-Peor*; who, according to Dr. Middleton, was a god of the Moabites, the ſame with *Priapus*. (See *Germana quædam monumenta*, by Dr. Conyers Middleton, S. T. P. in Quarto, page 65, with two monuments elegantly engraved of Βαλλοκ-φίγω.) The Doctor ſays, from the authority of the Fathers, that he was the hobby-horſe of the women of Iſrael, page 69.—That the new-married women had an *Idolum Tentiginis*, which our language is incapable of rendering; and, that they not only took great delight in getting aſtride of this idol, but they were enjoined to do ſo as a religious ceremony. The Doctor has given a deſcription of one of theſe idols, which he has had the good fortune to ſee at Rome. As our Ladies are not under any obligation to practiſe all the ceremonies of the Ladies of Iſrael, I am leſs concerned at my want of erudition to explain to them ſufficiently the meaning of ſeveral of the Doctor's terms.

The idol's head is like the head of a cock, but inſtead of a beak, is a ſtupendous *Faſcinum*: upon the baſe is inſcribed, ΣΩΤΗΡ ΚΟΣΜΟΥ, *the Saviour of the World.*

I cannot believe (however reſpectable the authority) that the children of the Roman nobility wore the *Faſcinum* about their necks: I do not mean that it is an unbecoming ornament; one may be eaſily convinced of the contrary, by caſting an eye upon the two belonging to the Doctor and his friend Dr. Warren, with which, as I ſaid before, he has obliged the Publick, in his Genuine Antiquities; but, conſidering the ingenuity of the Romans, why might not their *Faſcinum* be the ſame, and for the ſame purpoſe, as that of the Chineſe?—If the Doctor had ſeen thoſe of Mrs. Chenivix, he certainly would have been of another opinion. But, what is the moſt remarkable of all, is, that in the Chineſe language Διλδω ſignifies *a charm.* A convincing argument of the weakneſs of an hypotheſis, ſupported only by the etymology of words.

The

The Knight accoſteth him, noteth the beaſt,
The dapple mare that bears the ſtately prieſt;
Fotz, ſaies the Knight, I queſtion thee to ſay,
Whither thy maſter hieth him this way?
Finding ſhe needs muſt anſwer him par force,
Diſtinctly anſwers Fotz, tho' ſomewhat hoarſe,
What you require I will deliver brief,
My maſter is *avowterer* and thief;
He hath robb'd the ſacreſty of churches plate,
And to his *lemman* beareth it in ſtate.---
The Prieſt, aſtony'd ſuch a voice to find,
Believeth Sathanas is there behind;
Deſcendeth from the mare, voweth repentaunce,
Leaving the Knight talking with new acquaintance;
The Prieſt is lame, and no great haſt can make;
He waddles like a duck eftir a drake.
Fotz, quoth the Knight, pray tell me as we go,
What is it makes the Freer waddil ſo?
Sir, quoth the Fotz, about a year agon,
Our Abbot and my Maſter, Freer JOHN,
Diſcourſing, riding round the Abbot's Perk,
Of leachery and prankis in the derk;
The Abbot ſoftly *rounith* brother JOHN,
All fauncies have I *provén* everich one,
Whereby a man may find the greateſt joy,
The pleaſanteſt his talent to employ---
Yet thereto, though I oft have been inclin'd,
Have not I yvir practic'd *out of kind*.

Avowterer, adulterer. *Lemman*, Miſtreſs. *Rounith*, whiſpers. *Proven*, tried. *Out of kind*, unnaturally.

Nor I, ſays Freer JOHN, I do declare;
Trie we then, ſays the Abbot, with the mare:
But reaſon giveth property the place,
Wherefor thyſelf ſhalt have the firſt embrace.
Freer conſents, and, for his evil deeds,
Ungirds the cords whereon he ſtrings the beads;
Bindeth therewith mine hinder leggis twain,
Holdeth me faſt the Abbot by the rein;
And letting go his ſteed, he praunceth by,
And with a kick lamid the Freer's thigh;
Elſe had I been, upon my corp'ral oath,
Ravyſhed by a Freer and Abbot both.
Now forward Knight and ſtrange companion trots,
Laughing the Knight, and communing with Fotz;
Upon a hill not far they do deſcry
A caſſil fair, with *towris* broad and high;
Shaped their courſe unto the caſſil ſtrait;
Opin'd the Porter hath the caſſil-gate.
The Seneſchal hath led the Squire and Knight
Through goodly chambris curioſly *bedight*,
Unto an hall hung round with tapeſtry,
Of PHAROH's hoſt, *drenchid* in the Rede Sea,
There at their ſupper ſit the Gouvernante,
Or Lady of the Caſſil, and her Ant;
This Lady is a Wedo freſh and young
And frolikſome, and hath a merry tong---
And looks ſo kind, and ſings ſuch loveſome ſtrains,
No marvel that her Lord hath *braſt* his reins.

Towris, towers. *Drenchid*, drowned. *Tong*, tongue. *Braſt*, broke.

Welcome,

Welcome, Sir Knight, ſaies ſhe, unto my board,
I have not ſeen a Nobler ſince my Lord.
The Knight and 'Squire ſit them down to eat,
The board is cover'd with all kind of meat;
Rich wines the pages pour in chriſtal glaſs,
And many a choice conceit and laugh doth paſs.
The hour is late; tarrieth the Aunt for ſpite,
Riſeth the Lady---wiſheth a good night.
The Knight in bed, *ay* thinketh on his hoſt,
Sleep hath he none, for wantonneſs of ghoſt.
This bounteous Wedo gives her maids a call,
Chuſing the beſt, and faireſt of them all;
Biddeth her go unto the Knight, and ſay,
She comes to ſolace him 'till it is day.
And that her Lady bids her ſay in bed,
How much ſhe wiſhes ſhe was in her ſtead:
Bot may not have the opportunity,
Becauſe, for ſpite, the Aunt with her doth lie.
The maidin flies; her heart with gladneſs beats,
Strippith, and creepith in between the ſheets.
Turnith the Knight unto the maidin gent,
And both do paſs the time with moch content---
And aftir they have ragid to the full,
Strokid the Knight, and givith Fotz a pull,
And ſaieth, little Fotz, tellith me true,
Be you aggriev'd with that I have done at you---
As I am a Chriſtian, Fotz, replied ſhe,
I nivir paſs'd a night with ſo much glee---

Ay, always.

Up ſterts the Maidin, runnith in diſmay,
Into the room next that her Lady lay,
And finds her Lady up, and ſitting there,
Muſing and pond'ring in an elbow-chair.
YonKnight, quoth ſhe's a witch, or ſomething badder,
He conjur'd hath the Devil in my bladder;
After he did me twenty times and more,
Oftner than ever I was done before;
He pulleth Fotz, and of its own accord,
Spekid the mouth that nivir utters word---
Child, quoth the Lady, ſet your mind at eaſe,
Moſt of us all have have had the like diſeaſe,
Working anights at ſoch a grievous rate,
Lozens the Fotz's tongue, and makes it prate;
The Lady thinks to humour her is beſt,
She deems her head is light for want of reſt---
Yes, ſaies the Maid, they have tongis without doubt,
I have ſeen Fotzes tongis hanging out.
Go, get to reſt, replies the Lady bright,
A little ſleep will ſet your matters right.
The Maidin goes, the Lady at the dore
Harkneth, and ſtealeth to Sir AMADORE;
Sir Knight, quoth ſhe, it is not very civil,
To give my Maidin's Fotz unto the Devil:
Fotz is no chamber for ſo mean a groom,
He might have been content with a worſe room.
I uſe no fiend, quoth he, but have a ſkill,
To make what Fotz I pleaſe, talk when I will---
Talk, ſaies the Lady, I engage this ring,
You neither make it talk, whyſſel, nor ſing---

Out

Out flew the Knight, moſt terribly array'd;
At ſight whereof the Dame was nought afraid---
Upon the bed the Lady hath he pitch'd,
And there ſhe lay, as if ſhe was bewitch'd:
And after many pleaſaunt fauncies there,
Breethed the Knight awhile, to take the air;
And whiſpering the Fotz, holding his noſe,
Biddith my Lady Fotz tell all ſhe knows.
Gapid the Fotz, and gabbill'd far and wide,
Telling ſoch things, the Wedo ſwore ſhe lied.
I yield, ſaies ſhe---you are a ſkilful youth;
I yield, if you will ſtop that lyar's mouth---
'Tis mighty well, ſaies he, we ſoon ſhall trie,
Whether my Lady Fotz has learnt to lie---
And thruſting into Fotz's mouth a gag,
Her next door neighbour's tong began to wag.
Saies ſhe, in a crack'd voice, like one you feign,
All that Fotz ſayth I am ready to maintain.
Enough, the Lady ſaith, Sir Knight, have done,
Here, take the ring, I own 'tis fairly won;
And ſince you are a Knight of ſo great power,
Freely I offer both myſelf and dower;
And certes one was made for t'other's ſake---
For you can give no more than I can take.
The fabul's finiſhed, the King is *hele*,
The Damzill is contented yvery deal;
And GRIG had ſons, and they had many heirs,
And they were all like GRIG, all free from cares,
Their hearts would nivir ſink no more than cork,
And tho' no Kings, they ſtill are Dukes of York.

Hele, whole recovered.

The STUDENT of LAW's TALE;

OR,

The CURE for SYMPATHY.

TALE VI.

SIGN of the Lamb, near Ludgate, you may find
The ſign is emblem of the owner's mind,
EMANUEL COOPER dwelleth in that place,
A Mercer, with an yvir-ſmiling face,
Speking ſo ſoft, and pityfull, and meek,
It ſeems he rather bleateth than doth ſpeke;
All pepil that do paſs he humbly greets,
Nay, when the wanton ſtops him in the ſtreets,
Tho' he doth moſt abhor the harlot's waies;
That ſhe will let him go, he ſoftly praies;
Altho' ſhe holds him faſt he will not ſwear,
But, yvir-ſmiling, doth intreat her fair.---
He hath heard his Onkil ſay there is ne vice
He mote eſchew like Harlotry and Dice;
Harlots make men unfit to get an heir,
And Dice conſume all that the Harlots ſpare.
This Onkil is a Scriv'nir in the Strond,
Is rich, and lendeth money upon lond,
A batchellor, and old, and dredeful ſly,
And truſtith not to poſſibillity:
For he will ſee EMANUEL have a ſon,
Before he builds the houſe at Edmonton,

With

With golden letters wrote upon the wall,
Advising folk to name it Cooper-hall.
The way EMANUEL toke to get a wife,
Is subject of this Tale, and best of all his life.
EMANUEL hath near served out his years,
Having ne vice at all the Onkil fears,
Ne cause the Onkil hath to be afraid,
Vice hath he none but craftyness of trade.
And now above a month his mastir's gone
To drink the rede cow's milk at Yslington,
And yvery day they loke for him to die
Of a Consomption and the Lipprosie,
And for that he doth trust EMANUEL,
He leaveth him alone to buy and sell.
His Dame was brought up high, and knows not trade,
To an Earl's Countess was she waiting-maid,
Posys for rings contrives, and rhimes indites,
And can discourse, either with Squires or Knights
Having quaint terms, and phrases to propound,
Which those that dwell by Poul's cannot expound,
But she hath long been very sick, and vows,
How she hath got the sickness of her Spouse,
Her Husband's kindred also do proclaim,
How he hath got the sickness of the Dame;
That she hath secret drogues, and but pretends
To use the drogues her Husband's Doctor sends:
And so by following another course,
She is grown better, and the Husband worse.
His Doctor says, that she is whole and pure,
And doubteth not that he hath done the cure:

Her

Her Spouſe will not be cur'd, the Doctor ſees,
Becauſe of complication of diſeaſe.
Doctor and ISABELL maintain it ſtill
That ISABELL was ſmit by RICHARD's ill;
RICHARD rejoices ſhe hath gained helth,
Maketh his will, and leaveth her his welth.

ISABELL's eye hath notic'd many a time,
EMANUEL COOPER entering in his prime,
And hath delighted, many a time, to ſee,
Soch perfect maiden-like ſimplicitie.
One evening in her chamber ſhe will ſup,
And bids the Maid to call EMANUEL up;
Bloſhing, and hanging down his heade, he comes,
Sitting him down, and loking at his thumbs---
Upon the bed by her ſhe makes him ſit,
And helpeth him to yvery dainty bit;
Come, ſaies the Dame, filling a cup quite up,
Take off this wine, I will not bate a ſup:
Unto my Maſtir's helth, quoth he, and drinks it dry;
Lord take his ſoul, ſaies ſhe, and falls to cry,
Name him no more, for it will break my heart,
The Doctor ſaies, that he ſhall ſoon depart,
And alſo ſaies, that when my Spouſe is ſlain,
I ſhall not after him long time remain,
By ſympathy his malady I have,
And ſympathy ſhall join us in the grave:
The remedy for ſympathy is ſure,
But it is one I nivir will endure:

Quoth

Quoth then EMANUEL, weeping as he ſpoke,
Your caſe would pierce a heart, if it was oak,
Bot if you ſlay the life that you may ſpare,
It is a ſin as dedely as deſpair.
You ſpeke devout, quoth ſhe, but Hea'ns a friend
To all that mean no ill, when they offend.
Quoth he, that is but *ſotelty*, I fear,
For where the law is plain, the fault is clear;
Is it not written, that you ſhall not kill?
Therefor the crime is both in deed and will:
I do confeſs, quoth ſhe, ſtroaking her ring,
Deep is the judgment of your reaſoning---
Beſides, ſaies he, my Maſtir may mend yet;
With that at once ſhe falls into a fit,
Catches EMANUEL by the hand, and ſaies,
For mercy's ſake, EMANUEL, cut my ſtaies.
EMANUEL takes a knife and cuts the ſtring,
And ISABELL about his waiſt doth cling:
Feel but my heart, ſaies ſhe, how it doth beat,
Put in your hand, EMANUEL, farther, ſweet.
In ſooth, quoth he, you are in piteous hap,
The maid had beſt come up:---I'll give a rap.
No, no, quoth ſhe, I thank you for your love,
Sit down upon the bed, you ſhall not move;
Pity for me, hath wrought in you diſtreſs,
Another cup will cure your hevyneſs.
The wine, to make it richer cordial,
Mingled the Dame, Cantharides withall;
EMANUEL drinks it up, the wine is choice,
Wipeth his mouth, and cleareth up his voice:

Sotelty, Subtilty.

Madam, quoth he, if Heaven doth intend,
To take away my Maſtir, and my friend,
The byſneſs of the ſhop I'le undertake,
Both for your own, and for my Maſtir's ſake.
In that I am contented well, quoth ſhe,
Could I but take the Cure for Sympathy:
It is a filthy Cure---EMANUEL, mark;
You may ſuppoſe yourſelf to be the ſpark:
Take a young ſpark, it ſays, and let him be,
A maid and modeſt, not paſt twenty-three:---
From twenty-three ſhall he begin to count,
And do the deed, 'till he to thirty mount;
And he muſt ſecret ſwear; and alſo both
Shall bind their member, with a fearfull oath
That neither he nor ſhe ſhall find delite,
But do the act; as if it was for ſpite.
Quoth then EMANUEL, ſtiff as any ſtake,
For now the wine hath made him quite awake,
As to the maiden-term am not afraid;
As Bleſſid MARY, am I very maid:
I am but three and twenty yeſterday;
But for the oath I know not what to ſay;
I am content myſelf it ſo ſhould be,
If that the members alſo will agree.
That's in your power, ſaies ſhe, there is no doubt,
If you'll not think of what you are about;
You muſt continue, when you are occupy'd,
To think of any other thing beſide.
For inſtance; when you are arrived there,
Keep thinking of a rabbit or a hare.---

And

And we need never feel, nor know no more
Than doth the ſhuttle-cock and battle-dore;
Without more words, this treaty ſhall have force,
And all the reſt are only forms of courſe.
Leave we the parties interchangeably,
To take the ſolemn oath, and ratify.
They both went on, thinking and nothing ſaying,
'Till the laſt payment of the ſum was paying;
And then EMANUEL cried out, I find
I cannot keep the hare within my mind;
When once you fall a ſpinning like a top,
Rabbit and hare out of my mind do hop---
Go on, you fool, ſaies ſhe, What makes you ſtop.
The ſum is paid, yet ſtill in bed they lay;
Her Sympathy is not quite ſweat away:
Up ſtairs the maiden comes, raps at the dore,
Shouting, my Maſtir's dede for yvirmore;
His man from Yſlington, doth ſay, below,
That he went off as any child ſhall go.
Shout not, the Dame replies, I underſtand,
Holding EMANUEL's handle in her hand.
Run to the Undertaker of our ſtreet;
I fear me RICHARD will not long keep ſweet:
I go, quoth ſhe, EMANUEL this day,
Too far for health to loſe it in the way:
And as it needs muſt be provoking pain
To run this race of penitence again,
And as---your three and twentieth year is out,
It is but ſafe to take another bout:
If this had been but a pretence or trick,
She mote have pleaded falſe Arithmetick;

But

But, as ſhe fairly own'd the whole receipt,
It's evident ſhe had no deſign to cheat;
And ſo EMANUEL, after ſome pauſe,
Mended the bill, and put in a new clauſe---
I will not paint the diſmal funeral;
The Wedo's lamentations tragical;
Whoſo delighteth to depicture woe,
Richly deſerveth wretchedneſs allſo:
Yet can I not deſcribe, without a ſigh,
The penalties that wait on perjury.
EMANUEL is foreſworn; it is his doom
To languiſh with one foot within the tomb:
For three whole moons in raging pain he lay---
The fourth the perjur'd limb is ſnatch'd away---
Heaven is appeas'd at laſt, EMANUEL ſound,
And for ſo ſmall a loſs glad to compound.
What great Philoſophers obſerve is true,
Allthough a Member will not grow anew;
Yet, notwithſtanding this, the member brother
Fares better for the abſence of the other;
For, when they go together in a pair,
The next ſurviving brother is the heir;
But if they're ſingle, and the right not plain,
The benefit devolves upon the brain;
And thus EMANUEL, having need of it,
Receives a pritty legacy in wit:
He gives the Potiker and Surgeon fee
To keep the loſs of Member ſecrecy.
No longer to the Chainge EMANUEL reſorts,
He is allwaies at the Stews and Inns of Courts;

He

He drinks and beats the Watch, lies out anights,
Living with Lawyers Clerks and wicked Wights.---
In greateſt grief is interval of eaſe;
One day the Wedoe ſeizeth one of theſe,
Calleth EMANUEL, ſheweth plain the caſe,
How, from the lewdneſs of his laſt embrace,
It happens that ſhe is not healid quite---
Trie to be more compos'd, ſaies ſhe to-night.
Compos'd, EMANUEL ſaith! it cannot be;
With you I needs muſt feel felicitie.
To do an act like this from generous ſenſe,
Without deſire, is true benevolence:
Benevolence belongs to marry'd life;
'Tis what the Law beſtows upon a Wife.
Benevolence for Lawyers various ſpeak;
Some ſay is once a month, ſome once a week;
However, from the whole, it doth appear,
One ſhould not put it off beyond the year.
I own there is another ſentiment,
That once in a whole life-time is ſufficient.
Benevolence, ſay theſe puzzlers and confounders,
Is juſt the ſame as riding of the bounders.
EMANUEL, quoth ſhe, I cannot gueſs,
Whether your Modeſty or Wit is leſs;
Wit, in a Mercer, is both ſin and ſhame;
Return it to the ſtews from whence it came---
I value not, quoth he, your wipes a ſtraw---
I find great uſe in ſtudying of the Law:
And now obſerve---To all and ſingular,
EMANUEL COOPER hereby doth declare,

By

By virtue of Recovery and Surrender,
It is agreed, between him and his Member,
That he, the ſaid EMANUEL, ſhall direct,
And, for the future, ſhew him no reſpect;
And he, the ſaid EMANUEL, doth diſclaim
All further ſinfull knowledge of his Dame,
In any faſhion, or in any place,
At any time or upon any caſe:
Provided, and it is hereby agreed,
If he and ſhe to marrying accede,
This ſhall by no means hinder the good man,
Then and at all times, to perform the beſt he can—
This crafty Covenant between theſe twain,
Hath made the Wedo think 'till thinking's vain;
And finding now no hope on other ſcore,
Reſolves at once, and doubteth nivir more---
Calleth her friends, maketh for life the leaſe,
And ſleepeth with EMANUEL in peace;
And, to compleat his and the Onkil's joy,
Bringeth him once a year a curios boy;
And now the Onkil's dead, and they have all,
And keep their Chriſtenmaſs at Cowper-Hall.

P**TY'S

P * * TY'S TALE;

OR, THE

CAVALIER NUN.

Novimus et qui te, transversa tuentibus hircis,
Et quo sed faciles nymphæ risere sacello.

TALE VII.

BOTH high and low! simple and wise!
Agree in making a great bustle,
About a certain pair of eyes,
Belonging the House of R----L.

Though not so awful and discreet,
There was a pair of eyes at Brussels,
Far more compassionately sweet,
Than Lady CAROLINA R----L's.

Her eyes are like those swords of fire,
The flaming swords to Angels given,
By which impure and rash desire
From the forbidden fruit are driven.

Far other eyes are those I mean,
I speak of an inviting pair,
The property of frail eighteen,
A Nun as amorous as fair.

Impassion'd

Impaſſion'd eyes, fit for a Nun;
  Eyes that love lights and VENUS ſhapes;
Eyes like the gilding of the ſun,
  Gilding ripe nectarines and grapes.

The Lady Abbeſs was her Aunt,
  And, as they lay in the ſame cell,
The Abbeſs was ſo complaiſant,
  She paſs'd her time exceeding well.

She had the privilege alone
  Of running in the convent-ground,
Surrounded by high walls of ſtone,
  Juſt like a filly in a pound.

Within this cloſe were ſhady trees,
  And there an Oratory ſtood;
A Chapel of delight and eaſe,
  When folks delight in doing good.

After her matines and her complines,
  Here ſhe ſpent many pleaſant hours;
Inſtead of making cakes and dumplings,
  Purſes and artificial flowers.

'Twas a delightful life ſhe led,
  Here every day ſhe met her monk,
Unleſs he was confin'd in bed,
  Which was the caſe when he was drunk.

One

One day within this Oratory,
As ſhe was with her Monk in chat,
Inſtead of being ſolitary,
And melancholy as a cat;

Chatt'ring with many a lewd device,
In which they neither were to ſeek,
Tricks that Love teaches in a trice,
Better than ſtudying a week;

In gibberiſh, and playful cant,
Father, ſays ſhe, pulling him down,
I've a great mind to turn gallant,
And give your Reverence a green gown:

And, like my Aunt, I'll make you mad,
As mad as King NEBUCHADNAZOR,
When ſhe transforms you to a pad,
As he was turn'd into a grazier.

For all your ſtiffneſs and your pride,
With whip and ſpur, I'll make you run;
To which the humbled Monk reply'd,
Spouſe of the Lord, thy will be done.

Her pad, as ſturdy as a Miller's,
She taught to rear, curvet, and prance,
Make graceful caprioles, and dance,
As if he was between the pillars.

The Nun cry'd out, My Lady Abbeſs!
My Lady Abbeſs! without ceaſe,
Your ways are ways of pleaſantneſs,
And all your paths are joy and peace.

This whole Tale is comprized in a ſingle Monkiſh diſtich, which the Author has, with infinite delight, often heard repeated by the perſon whoſe name this Tale bears. As the Tale is entirely taken from that hint, his worthy friend has the beſt title to it.

In viridi prato Monialem ludere vidi
Cum Monacho leviter, ille ſub illa ſuper.

DON PRINGELLO'S TALE:

The FELLOWSHIP of the Holy NUNS;

OR, THE

MONK'S wiſe JUDGMENT.

TALE VIII.

---------- *Detur potiori.*

Don PRINGELLO was a celebrated Spaniſh Architect, of unbounded generoſity; at his own expence, on the other ſide of the Pyrenean mountains, he built many noble caſtles, both for private people, and for the *public*, out of his own funds; he repaired ſeveral palaces, ſituated upon the pleaſant banks of that delightful river, the Garonne, in France, and came over on purpoſe to rebuild Crazy Caſtle; but, ſtruck with its venerable remains, he could only be prevailed upon to add a few ornaments, ſuitable to the ſtile and taſte of the age it was built in.

THERE is a noble town call'd Ghent,
A city, famous for its wares,
For Prieſts and Nuns, and Flanders mares,
And for the beſt of fiſh in Lent.

There you may ſee, threat'ning deſtruction,
A hundred forts and ſtrong redoubts,
Juſt like VAUBAN's, with in's and out's,
And cover'd-ways of love's conſtruction.

In one conſtructed as above,
  There dwelt two Nuns of the ſame age,
  Join'd like two birds in the ſame cage,
Both by neceſſity and love.

In towns of idleneſs and ſloth,
  Where the chief trade is tittle-tattle,
  Tho' Prieſts are commoner than cattle,
They had but one between them both.

Our Nuns ſhould have had two at leaſt,
  In Ghent they're common as great guns,
  Which made it hard upon our Nuns,
And harder ſtill upon the Prieſt.

But he was worthy of all praiſe,
  With ſpreading ſhoulders and a cheſt,
  A leg, a chine, and all the reſt,
Like HERCULES of the FARNESE.

Amongſt the Nuns there was a notion,
  That theſe two Siſters were aſſign'd,
  To him, for a ſeverer kind
Of penitential devotion.

His penance laſted a whole year,
  And he had ſuch a piece of work,
  If it had been for turning Turk,
It could not have been more ſevere.

Our

Our Nuns, which is no common caſe,
  Living together without jangling,
  All on a ſudden fell a wrangling
About precedency and place.

They both with ſpleen were like to burſt,
  Like two proud Miſſes when they fight,
  At an Aſſembly for the right,
Of being taken out the firſt.

Before the Prieſt they made this clatter,
  Between them both he was perplex'd,
  And ſtudy'd to find out a Text
To end the controverted matter.

Children, ſaid he, ſcratching his ſconce,
  I ſhould be better pleas'd than you,
  Could I divide myſelf in two,
And ſatisfy you both at once.

Angels, perhaps, may have ſuch powers,
  But it is fit and ſeaſonable
  That you ſhould be more reaſonable,
Whilſt you're with Beings ſuch as ours.

Be friends, and liſten to the Teacher,
  Ceaſe your vain clamour and diſpute,
  Be ye like little fiſhes mute,
Before Saint ANTHONY the Preacher.

To

To end at once all diſputation,
I'll ſet my back againſt that gate,
And there produce, erect and ſtraight,
The cauſe of all your altercation.

But firſt you both ſhall hooded be,
Both, ſo effectually blinded,
'Twill be impoſſible to find it,
Except by Chance or Sympathy.

Which of you firſt, be it agreed,
The rudder of the Church can ſeize,
Like PETER's Vicar with his keys,
Shall keep the helm, and have the lead;
She ſhall go firſt, I mean to ſay,
And have precedence every day.

The Nuns were tickled with the jeſt,
They were content, and he contriv'd
To give the helm for which they ſtriv'd,
To her that manag'd it the beſt.

THE

THE POET'S TALE;

OR, THE

CAUTIOUS BRIDE.

TALE IX.

BRIDES, in all countries, have been reckon'd,
For the firſt night, timid and cooliſh,
If they continue ſo the ſecond,
They always have been reckon'd fooliſh;

The reaſon's obvious and plain,
In many nice and ticklish caſes,
There's much to loſe and nought to gain,
By affectation and grimaces.

A Bridegroom on the ſecond night,
Whipt off the bedcloaths in ſurprize,
Behold, my dear, ſaid he, a ſight,
Enough to make your choler riſe.

She turn'd away as red as ſcarlet,
Whilſt he continu'd, Pray behold,
Lay hands on that outragious varlet,
That looks ſo impudent and bold.

This is the fifteenth time in vain,
He has been ſent to jail and fettered,
But there's no priſon can contain
A priſon-breaker like JACK SHEPHERD.

The

The Bride turn'd round, and took her place,
  After ſome ſtudying and thinking,
Said ſhe, recovering her face,
  Tho' modeſty ſtill kept her winking,

In vain the vagabond's committed,
  And to hard work and labour ſent,
If you, his keeper, are outwitted
  By his pretending to repent;

You treat him ruggedly and hard,
  Whilſt any inſolence appears,
But you're diſarm'd, and off your guard,
  The moment that he falls in tears.

Now you muſt know, that I ſuſpect,
  A fellow-feeling in ſome ſhape,
Or elſe you would not through neglect,
  Let him continually eſcape.

I'll lend no hand, unleſs you'll ſwear,
  That you'll deliver him to me,
And ſuffer me to keep him there,
  'Till I conſent to ſet him free.

THE

THE

GOVERNOR of T**LBURY's TALE;

OR, THE

Unreaſonable COMPLAINT.

TALE X.

A Brute, a Peaſant dwelt near Nantz,
For they're ſynonimous in France,
Who every day of his vile life,
When he had nothing elſe to do,
Thraſh'd, or apply'd his wooden ſhoe,
To the poſteriors of his wife.

But as all good and evil's equal,
All was balanc'd in the ſequel;
Every night, he had that pride,
His debit, on the whole amount
Of the poſterior account
Was balanc'd by the other ſide.

Like debts of honour loſt at play,
Before he ſlept, he was ſure to pay.
And every morn before he roſe,
He left her over and above
A token of his conſtant love,
Steady and conſtant as his blows.

One morning at his Spouſe's levee,
The blows and curſes fell ſo heavy,
Before the Lady of the place,
Poor JAQUETTE ran with her complaint,
With all the red and purple paint
Beſtow'd upon her noſe and face.

The Lady pity'd her juſt grief,
And took a courſe for her relief;
PIERRE was ſummon'd to appear,
And muſt have rotted in a jail,
Had he not found ſufficient bail,
For his behaviour for a year.

The dread of fines, a jail and whipping,
Like other folks, kept him from tripping.
About a month after this paſs'd,
For JAQUETTE the good Lady ſent,
And aſk'd her if ſhe was content,
And PIERRE peaceable at laſt.

Truly, ſays ſhe, I muſt confeſs,
That mine's a ſingular diſtreſs,
For tho' he beat me black and blue,
At night he always made it up,
In bed, over a chearful cup,
Where I was as content as you.

But

But now, he ſays, he's off his mettle,
Becauſe we've no accounts to ſettle.
Let him indulge his appetite,
This very day let him begin
A freſh account, upon my ſkin,
And ſettle it this very night.

After ſuch plenty of good fare,
To be reduc'd is hard to bear.
What then, my Lady, muſt I feel,
Depriv'd entirely of my meat,
Without a morſel left to eat,
Except what I can beg or ſteal?

The Lady cry'd, You'd make one think,
That you did nought but eat and drink.
Did you live always at this paſs,
Or now and then, and then it ceas'd,
Like Shrovetide, or a village Feaſt,
Or like a Biſhop's ſaying Maſs?

A tear ſtood trembling in her eye,
Whilſt JAQUETTE made her this reply.
He was as ſure as the Church Chimes!
And I can ſay, what few can ſay,
He allow'd me three warm meals a day,
And afternoonings too ſometimes.

'Twas not from indigeſtion,
That never was the queſtion;
  If now and then my fare was worſe,
It was, becauſe the day before,
He happen'd to allow me more,
  Than was convenient for his purſe.

The Lady cry'd, ſubmit in quiet,
  My Spouſe all day ſhall thraſh his fill,
  I'll never ſay that I'm us'd ill,
If he'll allow me ſuch a diet.

THE NOBLE REVENGE: OR THE L**B's TALE;

TALE XI.

ALL people, languages, and nations,
In ſummer-time, have country ſtations,
And have contrivances and ways,
Some very old and others new,
To get the better of long days,
Which are the hardeſt to ſubdue.

In Italy the morning paſſes
In viſiting and hearing maſſes,
And every creature, after dinner,
Retire in couples or alone,
Both male and female, ſaint and ſinner,
Strip themſelves naked as a ſtone.

All the world's out when night approaches,
A-foot, in curricles, and coaches;
Then they give concerts and act plays,
And Sup at one another's houſes,
The Wives go with their Chechiſbays,
Their Mates with other people's Spouſes.

In France, and probably in Spain,
Summer gets on with toil and pain;
  The Ladies ſally, with long canes,
To gather flowers, or pick a ſallet,
  Attended by fantaſtick Swains,
Like Figure-dancers in a ballet.

Some ſtay within and do much better;
Some only ſtay to write a letter;
  Others into the garden run,
To bowl, or ſhoot with bows and arrows;
  STREPHON, with CHLOE and a gun,
Makes love, and fires among the ſparrows.
Kill all the tenants of the grove,
But let thoſe live that only live to love.

Pray, how do Engliſh ſummers go?
They paſs their ſummers but ſo ſo;
  More like the Germans than the French,
Drinking as long as they are able,
  And never thinking of a Wench,
'Till all the liquor's off the table:

But when they give their mind that way,
No people more alert than they.
  VENUS is cruelly afraid,
BACCHUS encroaches there ſo much,
  Leſt he ſhould ſpoil the Cyprian trade,
As PLUTUS ſpoils it with the Dutch.

One

One ſummer, in the month of June,
My Lady was quite out of tune;
To ſet things right, ſhe and my Lord
Repair to the old country-ſeat,
Which to enjoy, with one accord,
They lie apart, and ſeldom meet.

They neither need to mope alone,
Each have companions of their own;
His are the worſt without all queſtion,
Led-Captains, Squires, Parſons, without end;
Hers, females of a ſtrong digeſtion,
MINGOTTI and her Fiddling Friends.

But then my Lord had a reſource,
Which made things equaller of courſe:
There is a place his Lordſhip chuſes,
I know not upon what pretence,
To call the Temple of the Muſes,
Built with leſs judgment than expence.

To puſh on time a little faſter,
My Lord appointing a toaſt-maſter,
Oft to the Temple's ſacred ſhade,
Retires, like NUMA to his charmer,
To meet ſome favourite Chamber-maid,
Or the fair Daughter of ſome Farmer.

One afternoon a ſpy reveal'd
The ſecrets that thoſe walls conceal'd---
  When my Lord was inclin'd to take it,
There was a room for making tea,
  My Lady's woman us'd to make it,
And always us'd to keep the key.

He had left off tea ſome time; but why,
ABIGAIL was reſolv'd to ſpy.
  Within the room ſhe made, or found,
A hole to peep into the next;
  Her labour with ſucceſs was crown'd,
Though the diſcovery made her vex'd.

He left off tea, you may infer,
Becauſe he was tir'd to death of her.
  She ſaw as plain as eyes could ſee,
And never ſaw him half ſo keen,
  My Lord as buſy as a bee,
Sipping the ſweets of ſweet Eighteen.

To be diſcarded and turn'd off,
Of every ſervant-wench the ſcoff,
  For whom? The Wife of a mean Taylor:
Such was the Nymph in the Muſes houſe;
  She look'd as if ſhe could impale her,
Even as a Taylor would a louſe.

My

My Lord return'd, ſated with glory,
And BETTY ran to tell her ſtory---
Says ſhe, your Ladyſhip's ſo kind,
My zeal for you made me ſuſpicious;
I watch'd, but never thought to find
Any thing downright flagitious.

Againſt mankind ſhe declaim'd next,
And then ſtuck cloſely to her text;
Minutely painted the whole ſcene,
The Nymph, her Age, her lovely Figure;
And, to encreaſe her Lady's ſpleen,
She magnify'd his Lordſhip's vigour.

Great was her Ladyſhip's diſtreſs,
How ſhe would act, is hard to gueſs;
All folks allow Revenge is ſweet,
And many think that nothing's ſweeter,
But 'tis a maxim with the Great,
The meaner the Revenge the greater.

Caprice, according to FONTAINE;
Guides almoſt every female brain;
If meer caprice can raiſe a flame,
To make a Dwarf enjoy a Queen,
Revenge, may make the nobleſt Dame
Employ an inſtrument as mean.

Nature left to herſelf moſt prone is,
To follow the *Lex talionis*,

In every nice and doubtful caſe,
My Lady drove as nature led;
And ſo ſhe took in my Lord's place,
Her rival's Huſband to her bed.

A Taylor's nothing on his board,
In bed he's better than a Lord,
Her Ladyſhip found him ſo there;
And by his help, after ten years,
At laſt produc'd a Son and Heir,
That made my Lord the happieſt of Peers.

To the LADIES.

LADIES you have heard of Tit for Tat,---
Lex Talionis was like that:
It was an equitable law, whereby
You weigh'd the perſon and the failure;
It gave you tooth for tooth, and eye for eye.
And for a Lord, ſometimes a Taylor.

FINIS.

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